

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

## Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1759.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1850.

PRICE 4d.  
Stamped Edition, 5d.

### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

#### JEWIS AND JUDAISM.

*A Pilgrimage to the Land of my Fathers.*  
By the Rev. Moses Margoliouth. 8vo. 2 vols. Bentley.

THE author of several works of theological and learned description, the reverend minister of the Protestant religion, in the church of Ireland, is well known to the world as a converted Jew and native of Poland, whose enthusiasm for the conversion of his Hebrew brethren has excited much interest in those who are earnest in this school of proselytism. The result of this admixture appears to be a curious anomalous character of very striking Hebrew-Irish, learned-jocular, pious-facetious, solid-speculative, and sincere-vainglorious peculiarity. His mission, the particulars of which are detailed in these volumes, commenced at Paris in August 1847, and extended to Marseilles, Tunis, Malta, Palestine, and Turkey. The leading objects were to ascertain the actual condition of the Jews in these widely-separated parts, and debate questions with their rabbis and teachers, and preach the gospel to all: to investigate antiquities, and discuss biblical, literary, and philological difficulties, with the view to their removal; and, generally, to observe the people and their customs, and, it might be, suggest measures for their improvement, especially as involved in the adoption of Protestantism. So zealous was our apostle, that he naïvely tells us he was sometimes accounted mad; but in all his arguments he was victorious, and what between learning and turning the tables with jokes, he certainly seems to have been what is called 'a rum customer' to deal with.

Composed of letters to persons of all ranks—archbishops, bishops, peers, ladies of quality, savans, literati, personal relatives and friends, parishioners, &c., all of whom are addressed in the most familiar style—the fault of some repetitions is almost unavoidably attached to the correspondence, and we must add that the organs of order and arrangement are not very prominent among the merits of the work. As a medley we must review it, and probably it will be as well as any other way, to go through the task as we have noted the pages on perusal. But first, there is a portrait of the rev. author standing by a colossal marble head discovered in the ruins of Carthage, and mentioned at the time in the *Literary Gazette*, which he inscribes, on presumptive evidence, with the name of the Empress Theodora, the consort of Justinian. To justify this appropriation he says,—

"The latter, by his General, Belisarius, A.D. 534, destroyed the empire of the Vandals in North Africa, and established his own. Theodora having been a great favourite with the Emperor, as well as with some of his courtiers, it is not unlikely that a marble head, representing that of the Empress, should have been executed. It appears to me, speaking Lavater-like, that this representation in marble is a correct index of her character, as trans-

mitted to the world by her biographers: talent, ambition, and intrigue can be read, I fancy, in this rocky picture. We are also informed that Theodora's 'features were delicate and regular; her eyes expressed the sensations of her mind and body.' All this can be traced in this stone female head.

"I remember seeing once a medal of Justinian and Theodora, which strikes me to be corroborative of my theory; but not having it before me, I cannot be positive about it. I share, of course, in the common failing of antiquarians, and fancy my theory a most plausible one. However, I never feel annoyed in the least, when people choose to differ from me; nay, when they even scorn my humble opinions, and reject them as not worth entertaining: so that I shall have no objection to hear that your Lordship enjoyed a hearty laugh over this. But should I be right—and things more wonderful do often occur—then this head may be esteemed thirteen hundred years old. In fact, nothing later, in the art of sculpture, can be traced in the history of Carthage. So much for the last discovery amongst the ruins in this neighbourhood. As soon as that head was discovered, the French Vice-Consul hastened to the Bey, and requested it, as a present for the museum of Paris, which he obtained. The pedestal on which the head is placed bears an inscription to the same effect:—*'Trouvé dans les mines de Carthage, 10 Août, 1847, et donné par son A. R. le Bey de Tunis à Monsieur de Laporte, Gérant du Consulat-Général de France.'* Though it represents a most infamous personage, still, as a work of art, it must be considered as an invaluable acquisition, and worth more than the paltry fragments on which so much time and labour have been wasted."

From the author's opinions of Paris and the Parisians we select a few passages touching upon topics of the day, and interesting to literary readers:—

"I visited no less than thirty libraries, and was much pleased with the order and regularity which characterized some of those store-houses of literature; but also exceedingly chagrined and annoyed at the Babel-condition of others. Give me the Library of the British Museum, and the Bodleian of Oxford, and you are welcome to all the libraries France possesses. I wish I could say that the above were the only impressions my mind received, but it is not so; as I told you at the outset, the impressions made upon my mind are of an antagonistic nature. As soon as I leave the abodes of learning and knowledge, and begin to mix amongst the people, the charming spell which enraptured me is broken, and my first feeling is, 'O, France, thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels.' The same feeling which animated the Prophet Isaiah with reference to Babylon. The cause in both cases is the same. 'The beginning of wisdom' does not form a part of their learning, and hence the inhabitants of this city turned this otherwise magnificent place into a most disgusting habitation. Sin and wickedness abound in it to a most awful degree. It is a nursery of impiety, immorality, and vice. It vies, in vice, old Pagan Corinth. The Bible is not nationally honoured nor taught!

"I was constantly asked by Englishmen, who lived in this city for years, to tell them something

\* The letter is addressed to Lord Lindsay, the highly distinguished explorer of ancient and eastern literature and arts.—Ed. L. G.

of the internal state of the Jewish congregations here. The fact is, that there are about three hundred and fifty Christian Jews in the metropolis of France and her environs; the great majority of them are very wealthy. Very few of them are known to the French public as having been once of the synagogue. I found, after minute and rigid inquiry, that they are the most consistent Christians, ruling their households in the fear of the Lord, making the Bible their code of laws for their conduct through life. Their greatest enemy could not help himself, if but a day or two in their society, but become their greatest friend. What would not M. Eugène Sue have given to know those really noble individuals! How enhanced would have been his *Mysteries of Paris*, if embellished with such characters!

"I have gathered the following important item of interesting information, by my intercourse with those Hebrew Christians; namely, that there are in England upwards of a hundred families, very wealthy and very learned, who are Hebrews by nation, and Christians by creed. As they are particular in their wishes not to be pointed at by the 'friends of Israel' at public meetings, it would be unjust, on my part, to divulge their names."

To his mother he gives the annexed account of the Parisian Jewesses:—

"The Hebrew language is a dead letter amongst the daughters of Abraham in this city. In the respects! the families, the females are indeed taught a little Hebrew, but it is very little. Their education in the sacred tongue does not extend beyond the mechanical part of it, namely, the reading, so as to be enabled to recite the synagogue prayers. Their education in the French language is a little more attended to, so as to enable them to do with it something more than simply read it. Being their vernacular tongue, they can read it with the understanding, and are taught, moreover, to write it. But no sooner does a French Jewish girl become able to read a novel, or pen a letter, than her parents, as well as herself, consider that she has finished her education. The society she begins to mix with consists of members of her own nation, of her own standing; and also of the middle classes of the French people. It is the misfortune of the Jews to be susceptible of being influenced by the indifferent conduct, habits, and manners of those nations amongst whom they dwell at ease. I call it a misfortune, because our brethren seldom become attached to the sound part of the nation in which they dwell, but invariably to the unsound one.

"In Germany, the sympathies of the Jews are with the new-fangled Neologians and Rationalists; in England, with Socinians, or Nothingarians; in France, with the Infidel part, which is by far the largest. Mixing among such classes, the young Jewess participates in their habits, imbibes their notions, adopts their principles, acquires their tastes. The books, therefore, our fair French sisters like most are of a most trifling nature; novels—of all the rubbish which characterizes this department of literature in general, it does so the works of French novelists in particular—become their meat and drink, which have the effect of quenching every spark of religion which even French Judaism teaches; her mind becomes filled with love for excitement and adventures. If it were not too serious a matter, one might be disposed to indulge in ludicrous remarks at the Quixotic propensities of French Jewesses.

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"The young men, again, with whom the Parisian Hebrew girl holds intercourse, are extremely expert in well-worded and softly-articulated compliments, which is, in fact, the national forte—fill her mind with ideas of her personal beauty, charms, and attractions. The poor girl is thus flattered for a time, and even temporarily adored, which has the baneful effect of turning her brains. She spares neither time, nor trouble, nor expense for the outward adorning of her person, none of which is bestowed upon the improvement of the mind. The result is such as every one would expect from such means. The French Jewess is developed a conceited and ignorant being. How humiliating to the house of Israel! Their 'precious children' were once compared to 'fine gold,' but now eaten up by corroding dross.

"Somehow or other, the Jewish females are the devoted victims of the grossest ignorance, arrogance, and superstition, according to the countries of their dispersal. In Poland, alas! dearest mother, need I tell you how prostrate the Jewess's intellect has become by reason of the neglect of its cultivation? There the Jews 'dwell alone' to all intents and purposes, mix not with the people amongst whom they dwell, become thorough slaves of the most monstrous superstition. It is true their lords and masters—the Rabbies—sold them into such exile, still the Jewess is not the less a sufferer; whatever the cause may be, the effect is the same. In Germany, England, and France, where a smattering education is accorded them, and where they condescend to mix with the nations amongst whom they dwell; it is, however, among such classes as I have already described. Adulations are lavished upon the 'pretty Jewesses' by silly men; and what is the consequence? They become vain in their imaginations, and puffed up with pride.

"Yet even in the latter countries, they are not altogether free from superstition. I conversed with many daughters of the French Israelites of various classes; and very often did I meet in the same person a large share of infidelity, and superstitious bigotry.

"The Jewish females of the poorer classes, who were deprived, by lack of means, of any education whatever, and are reduced to the society of their own level amongst their own people, or to the society of the lower classes of the French, are a decided disgrace to any respectable society. However, I have better hopes for the rising generation of the French Jewesses. A school for Jewish children has lately been erected, at the expense of 200,000 francs, which will doubtless make education amongst Hebrew females more general. I wish you, however, beloved mother, to bear in mind that the above remarks apply only to the generality of the daughters of Judah in this great city. It would be doing a great injustice to some, few though they be, if I made it appear that my remarks applied to the universality. There are some noble exceptions, whose names might be enrolled amongst the brightest ornaments of the female sex."

There is, however, no great temptation to remain among the society of Paris, and therefore we proceed to Marseilles, where a remarkable specimen of antiquity occupies much of the author's time and learning:—

"In the month of June, 1845, whilst a bricklayer was pulling down a dilapidated old house—which was situated at no great distance from the site of the ancient temple of Diana, which in days of yore graced, or rather disgraced, this city, he discovered at its foundation a large square stone, well polished, and covered with inscriptions in characters unknown to him. Whilst proceeding with his digging, he perceived another stone of similar quality and pattern, and inscribed with the same sort of letters. The latter, however, was smaller than the former, and also of a different shape, being triangular. The discoverer seemed much struck with the fruit of his labour; he put his shoulder to

the work, and brought his two treasures in close communion, and soon observed that the last was a fragment of the first. The Frenchman, though totally ignorant of the purport of the tables of stone he hit upon, was evidently much pleased and interested with his acquisition. He managed, with much labour and trouble—for the dimensions of the stones are considerable, the largest, forming a right angle, measures forty-five feet in length, thirty-five feet in width, and ten feet in thickness; the smaller forming a triangle, measures thirty-five feet at the base and thirty-five feet in height—to remove these precious relics, from the midst of their surrounding rubbish, to his own abode, where he entertained his friends and acquaintances with their exhibitions; always remarking, with that profanity peculiar to the French, that he discovered the first tables of stone which Moses broke, and the inscription was therefore that of the finger of God. This irreverent jest was received with corresponding merriment. Such polluted talk has, however, a peculiar charm for Frenchmen, and consequently drew a large number of them to inspect the stones and listen to the proprietor's disquisitions.

"The inscriptions were of course dead letters to all the visitors. The extraordinary stones became the subject of general jocular conversation amongst the lower classes in this place, and eventually reached the ears of M. Lautard, corresponding member of the Institution and Perpetual Secretary of the Royal Academy of Marseilles."

Through his exertions the relic was saved, the corporation (corporation-like!) after much higgling agreeing to give the princely sum of *ten francs* for the purchase; and it is now in the museum of the city, worth a thousand times that amount. With much trouble, and through the interference of Mr. Turnbull, British consul, M. Margoliouth was at last permitted to inspect and copy the inscription; and he observes:—

"The grain of the stone is very fine indeed; its colour, when polished, resembles much the stone used by lithographers. L'Abbé J. J. L. Barges says in his pamphlet, just out, 'M. le Conservateur du Musée m'a assuré qu'elle est de l'espèce de pierre dite pierre de cassis, dont on fait des pavés pour la ville de Marseille.' The inscriptions are in the Phœnician character, and the execution of the engraving is perfectly beautiful. It is chaste, elegant, and perfect; and is altogether one of the most beautifully graphic monuments of antiquity. There can be no doubt that its date is that of the most prosperous of Phœnician greatness, when Tyre was at the zenith of her grandeur, and Zidon in the golden age of her colonization. As to the nature of the inscription, my mind is made up: it is a code of laws and regulations respecting the rites of sacrifices, and the rights of the priests; borrowed literally from the Book of Leviticus. You will bear in mind that the period of Israel's prosperity in the Land of Promise was also the prosperous epoch of Tyre and Zidon. The Hebrews and Phœnicians, moreover, lived always on the most amicable terms, and were not above interchanging religious rites and ordinances with each other: a circumstance which proved the bane and destruction of God's chosen people, disastrous in its effects to them, even to the present day."

He then mentions a treatise on the subject by M. Limbery, which he ridicules for its ignorance; then a second explanation published by M. de Sauley, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but only extending over ten lines; and more recently he—

"Etude Démonstrative de la Langue Phœnicienne et de la Langue Lybique," by M. Judas, Secretary for the Council of Health for the Army. The title of the work (he adds) almost announces the whole of its contents. It treats of the graphic monuments bequeathed to the world by the Phœni-

cians and Lybians. In this work the author favoured his countrymen with a lithographic impression of the recently discovered inscription here, representing the two fragments of stone, and with a complete translation of the whole of the inscriptions. M. Judas is materially at issue with M. de Sauley. The version of the former differs widely from that of the latter. M. Judas said modestly, in his 'Etude,' &c., respecting the writer in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' on the same subject, 'qu'elle a avec la sienne, des différences plus importantes qu'il ne le présumait.' This unassuming little sentence, however, had the direful effect of putting M. de Sauley's remainder on the shelf."

M. Margoliouth compares the three, and differs from them all; but agreeing pretty nearly with the—

"Temple de Baal à Marseille, où Grande Inscription Phœnicienne, découverte dans cette ville dans le courant de l'année 1845, Expliquée et accompagnée d'observations critiques et historiques," par L'Abbé J. J. L. Barges, Professeur d'Hébreu et de Chaldaïque à la Sorbonne."

He then gives his translation, with the acknowledgment that—

"The vicissitudes to which the stones were condemned, obliterated many letters, and many words. Some were replaced by conjecture, but many more irrecoverably lost."

"Translation.

"Temple of Baal. Law concerning the offerings (which are to be presented to the priests, by the officers of the sacrifices), a law conformable to the ordinances decreed in the time of Cheleztbaal, the Judge, son of Bodtanith, son of Bod, and of... the Judge, son of Bodashmoun, son of Cheleztbaal, and their allies.

"For a bull that is perfectly strong, and well grown, if he is, moreover, in good health, there shall be given to the priests ten pieces of money per beast; and for the cooked portion from each of them, there shall be offered to them a part of the victim, namely, three hundred pieces, and shall be roasted, as also the skin, the intestines, and the feet of the victim; the remainder shall be left to him that offers the sacrifice.

"For a calf, whose horns have not yet budded, which walks slowly, and must be hastened by the whip; and also for a ram, perfectly strong and well grown, if, moreover, they shall be thoroughly healthy, there shall be given to the priests five pieces of money for each animal, and for the cooked portion of each, there shall be offered to them a part of the victim, namely, one hundred and fifty shekels weight of flesh—this part shall be cut in pieces, and shall be roasted—as well as the skin, the intestines, and the feet. The rest shall be left to him that offers the sacrifice.

"For a he-goat, or a she-goat, perfectly strong and full grown; if these animals are perfectly healthy, there shall be given to the priests a shekel and two obols\* for each of them, and for the piece to be used, there shall be offered to them thirty shekels weight of flesh. This piece shall be cut up, and roasted, as well as the skin, the intestines, and the feet. The rest shall be left to him that offers the sacrifice.

"For the young one of a roebuck, if it is redolent with perfect health, if it is remarkable for its swiftness at the chase, and endowed with a beautiful form, there shall be given to the priests three-quarters of a shekel of money, and two obols per beast, also the intestines and the feet. The remainder shall be left to him that offers the sacrifice.

"For a bird, or for the hallowed first fruits, for an oblation of food, or of oil, there shall be given to the priests a piece of money, and ten obols for each of these things.

"For every piece that shall be waved before the gods, there shall return to the priests a part, which shall be roasted. As to the priests...

\* "An ancient Carthaginian coin."



"For a libation of milk, of fat, and of every species of sacrifice that a man can offer for sacrifices . . ."

"For every sacrifice that one, who is poor in the possession of beasts or of birds, shall offer, there shall be nothing assigned to the priests. . . ."

"Every leprous person, every one attacked by the scurvy, and whoever shall petition the gods, all those who would sacrifice . . ."

"For every dead man, the offering for each sacrifice shall be conformably to the regulation established by the law, as inscribed. . . ."

"As to the offering which he (that offers the sacrifice) shall present, he shall place it on a piece of the victim, and he shall give it agreeably to the writing which . . . th Cheletzaal, son of Bodashmoun and their colleagues.

"Every priest who shall cause to be given for an offering anything more than such as shall have been roasted, or deposited on the piece of the victim, shall be condemned to give a fine . . ."

"As to the money to the master of the sacrifice who shall have offered it, he shall give (the double of) the offering which . . ."

And he adds—

"The above is a faithful translation of the recently discovered Phœnician inscriptions in this place. I have only time now to tell you that the intrinsic merit of the inscription, in the Abbé's opinion, is the passage referring to the sacrifices for the dead. A tacit confession that Romanism must go to heathenism for the derivation of its practices. The following are M. Bargès' words:—'Ce que ce passage contient et de remarquable et de précieux à la fois, c'est qu'il constate chez les Phœnicien l'usage d'offrir des sacrifices pour les morts, usage que l'on voit également en vigueur chez les Hébreux du temps des Machabées,' p. 60. The same is repeated in p. 75. The Abbé seems to forget that the Hebrews do not acknowledge that the Maccabees or any of the Apocryphal books are inspired. However, this controversy is not my present business."

The subjoined, bearing nearly on the same subject, is deserving of notice:—

"Since the winged bull and lion have attracted so much attention of late, by the publication of Mr. Layard's invaluable discoveries at Nineveh, it may not be out of place here to mention that sculptures, somewhat similar to those of ancient Chaldea, existed in Marseilles."

One was a Taurobole discovered two centuries ago, and first described by M. Grosson in the *Recueil des Antiquités et Monuments Marseillois*; and it is held to be a sacrificial altar in seven compartments, in which various animals and (in one) infants were sacrificed to Moloch.

(To be continued.)

#### CORPULENCY.

*Corpulence; or, Excess of Fat in the Human Body, &c.* By T. King Chambers, D.M. Longmans.

MURRE'S *Greece* may be more classical, but is not so generally interesting as Chambers' fat; nor can the historical researches of Mitford, Arnold, and Grote put together, equal the applicability, *ad hominem*, of his chemical and physiological inquiries. The ignorant lean and the well-informed lusty are involved in the look out and the look in, the look forward and the look back. The emaciated may hope, the oleaginous despair; but listen to our Oracle, and the hopes may be realized, the desparings modified. From Cassius to Daniel Lambert, the question affects all mankind, except the living skeleton, and he was an

impostor. Different classes are affected in different ways: apothecaries towards the thin, butchers towards the jolly; and similar predispositions prevail between old maids and widowed matrons, postillions and draymen, cutlers and publicans, authors and publishers. It is possible that a fat old maid, a fat postilion, and a fat cutler may have been seen, but a fat author would be a *lusus Naturee*. What, indeed, could literature have in common with corpulence? Dickens might create a fat boy, but a fat Dickens is an impossibility in the works of creation. The leaning of all the greatest writers is in the opposite direction; and the idea of a sixteen-stone Plato, Homer, Aristotle, Socrates, Shakspeare, Milton, Butler, Pope, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Montaigne, Campbell, Moore, Bowles, Hallam, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, or Editor of *Literary Gazette*, is so preposterous, that nobody on earth ever entertained it. Dr. Johnson, to be sure, was a heavy weight, but it was not healthy—he was blown up by grief, like Falstaff, and so would any person be who compiled his *Dictionary*. Or to think of a fat critic! a fat cricket is just as imaginable; and all the powers of our Gull-stonian lecturer could not conjure up such a fantastic monster. Well may the first chapter begin with the head, "*Literature of the subject scanty*;" what else could be where there is such utter disconnection? Except in one Grose instance, a really fat antiquary was never known; and the principal cause of the disagreement and hostilities between the Archaeological Association and Institute, is believed to be that the leaders on both sides are mostly skinny personages, of whom it would take two to make an ordinarily stout gentleman. Hence bitterness, instead of good humour, and war to the knife against, instead of war with the knife (and fork) in unison and harmony together. We do not like to be personal, but neither the Marquis of Northampton nor Lord Londesborough would depress one scale with 160lbs. in the other. The late Bishop of Norwich was also far more intellectual than corporeal, and Albert Way, the Rev. J. Hunter, Lane, Thom, Wright, Halliwell, Roach Smith, Planché, Croker, Dr. Bell, and others, are little better than scarecrows. Messrs. Heywood and Pettigrew have a little more flesh upon their bones, but nothing to brag of in the way of leading to conciliation, whilst so large a majority of the lean kind are there to protract the dispute, and divide the world of Archaeology, as Caesar divided all Gaul, into three halves, according to the Irish scholar's translation of his *Commentaries*. But we fear we are becoming episodical, or at least as desultory as Mr. Wadd was in his *Commentaries on Corpulence and Lineaments of Leanness*, which we read and reviewed with delectable unction in the *Gazette* some years ago. With the Surgeon's jocularity on the subject, the Doctor seems to be displeased—he probably thinks that it would beget laughter, and laughter, agreeably to the old saying, produce the fatness which he deprecates as disease—and therefore he writes angrily:—

"But Mr. Wadd is not the only one who has treated this subject with what appears to me most ill-judged levity; it seems to have been viewed by all as more a matter of curiosity than of true practical importance, and cases collected rather to furnish amusement than to increase knowledge.

We read in the Philosophical Transactions of horses' backs broken by corpulent individuals, of walls pulled down to allow exit to their coffins, of the number of men that carried them to the tomb, and such-like puerile details; but scarce a word of circumstances which, as physiologists or practitioners, we would wish to know. All description of the individuals, of their habits, their diseases, the causes of their death, is omitted; and even the stature, by which alone can obesity be judged of, is not recorded. I confess I cannot understand how any human infirmity which involves pain and discomfort can ever be a fit object of ridicule, or how that which certainly shortens the term of life can be considered of trivial importance. I shall not be deterred by these precedents from making Corpulence or Obesity a matter of serious attention."

"Serious," mind, and not serious; *sero sed serio*—that is the motto. But after all, why should not we indulge in a few jokes upon the fat and the lean people around us? the former have shoulders broad enough to bear them (may their shadows never be less!)—the latter can glide imperceptibly like shadows out of their way and never feel them. Hence the epigram on the meagre form of Sir John Anstruther, when sent as a judge to India:—

"Necessity and Anstruther are very like each other; Necessity has no law—neither has Anstruther!"

Hence Henry Erskine's jest on the demi-skeleton who was picking a dried Finner haddock, and boasted of his relish for it:—"I have no doubt it agrees with you, for you look very like your meat!"

And hence a hundred other pleasantries of social tenor, over which it is as well to be merry as to be too wise. But we must now cut into Dr. Chambers' fat, of which he tells us there are two kinds, to distinguish which he says:—

"We will call the one found in false hypertrophy *molecular*, and the natural form, to which our attention will be directed, *vesicular* fat. . . ."

"Natural fat, viewed anatomically as a simple substance, is in vertebrate animals deposited, not in homogeneous masses, but, as above stated, in vesicles specially provided for its reception. Each vesicle is a perfect organ in itself, has a distinct wall, and is supplied on its exterior by capillary blood-vessels. The perfect envelopment of the whole fat by this membrane is shown by the experiment of floating a piece of fat in water, and raising the temperature to 104° Fahrenheit, when the fat will not escape, though perfectly fluid. Its form may also be seen by placing a piece of lacerated fat on a sieve, and directing a stream of water upon it; the fat may be washed out as a fine dust, the particles of which will remain distinct, may be skimmed off the surface of the water, and dried without uniting. Their shape is round or oblong, but from compression they assume the polyhedral form which Leeuwenhoek has attributed to them in his engraving. . . ."

"If a man of five feet two inches, whose healthy weight would be eight stones, increases to twenty-eight, no less than twenty stones of additional fat have to be supplied with capillaries, and those capillaries have to be supplied with blood by vessels constructed to circulate but one-third of the quantity. How wonderful must be the power of adaptation which can render such a change consistent with life at all! how little cause for surprise if that life is short, and burdened with innumerable ills!"

"Besides the mechanical duties of facilitating motion, and acting as an external defence from the cold, fat appears in many cases to perform the chemical office of supplying fuel to the respiration,

"I am informed by Dr. Thomas Williams, of Swansea, that in insects fat is naturally deposited without being enclosed in vesicles."

and so in another way contributes to keep up the animal heat. It serves, in fact, as a storehouse of carbon for the use of the lungs. When cut off from the supply of food, an animal would soon be consumed by the hungry flame of vital heat, were there not something to burn besides his own person. Fat affords, in this case, a power of resistance to the overpowering continuous force of one of the functions of life. Thus the tadpole, from the fourteenth day after its exit from the egg, to the time of the alteration of its respiratory organs at the period of becoming a frog, contains daily more and more fat in the abdomen; but immediately after this change all the fat rapidly disappears. The animal would probably, without this fat, be unable to bear the strain upon the constitution which the loss of the tail must occasion; but, by possessing such a reserve, can resist the new influences to which its body has not yet become habituated."

This spec. upon the tadpole and its tail has entertained us as much as one of Wadd's puns; and seems somehow connected with a froggy who would wooing go—the tadpole's affair being literally an earlier tale of woe. And our babies in a manner resemble tadpoles:—

"For the first three days at least after birth, the human infant, in spite of the addition made to its substance by food, loses in weight to a considerable extent; consuming, in fact, by the novel function of respiration, matters previously unacted upon by oxygen.\* It is not till the fifth or sixth day that it has got sufficiently used to its new life to assimilate enough to begin growing upon."

Were a treasure of fat not provided against this contingency, injury to the tissues, and probably death, would follow."

From these and other considerations, the Doctor deduces the following conclusions:—

"First. That the favourite material which nature employs in the production of fat is oleaginous food."

"Secondly. That it is formed also from other proximate principles of diet, possibly from all proximate principles."

"Thirdly. That there is no evidence adduced to show that it is formed from the other corporeal tissues, but that in unhealthy states of constitution its increase may coincide in point of time with their decrease."

Now, trusting that our readers understand as much of the general matter as is essential for their edification, as they increase or decrease in bulk and weight, we must enter upon other more miscellaneous matters, germane to the thesis, and show how many things we are taught in the course of this able investigation. *Ex gr.*, as oil-cake fattens cattle, so—

"Poultry are fed, in some parts of the country, on a mixture of bran and suet, and amply repay the expense of their food by rapidly attaining perfection."

"Dr. Stark (in 1770) used to weigh himself while living on different articles of food for long periods, in order to ascertain their dietetic value. He found that a less quantity of suet was required to make up for the waste of his body than of any other sort of ordinary food, and that its power in this respect was to the lean parts of meat as three to one. Such, at least, is the inference to be drawn from the MS. account of his experiments left behind him after his melancholy end. In them we find that to keep up the weight of his body it was necessary to add but four ounces of suet to his allowance of

\* "Does not this interesting fact explain in some degree that change of feature which all must have noticed during the first week of existence?—that change, I mean, which often enables us to observe a likeness to one or the other parent in the new-born, which likeness, when we see it the next day, has vanished."

bread, whereas a pound of lean beef was required for the same purpose."

"It is hardly possible to doubt that in these cases the fat is taken ready-made into the system, and deposited with but little change in the adipose vesicles. This view is certainly a very simple one; and, if it is the whole truth, the quantity of fat fixed or secreted by an animal will be represented almost exactly by the substances soluble in ether and alcohol, but insoluble in water, which makes a part of the forage consumed."

"But, on the other hand, the formation has been described by Dr. Liebig as a modification of those principles of ternary composition which enter usually in a large proportion into the nourishment of herbivorous animals."

"Starch, sugar, gum, sugar of milk, may, on this hypothesis, be changed into fatty bodies, by losing, under the influence of the vital force, a part of their oxygen."

But still, though other elements of food may concur in the formation of fat, we are all in favour of the superior claims of the oleaginous. What else but suet imbibed by mouth or nose can account for the common corpulency of butchers and their wives, and tallow-chandlers and theirs? If the Turks were aware of what could be accomplished in this line and by other devices, would not the ladies of their harems all be literally *Fatimas*? These said devices are quite horrid. Certain degrees of restraint, certain modifications of light and darkness, and even a sort of moral feeling in animals, have all been curiously experimented upon—the whole results point to the chemical changes and not to the circumstances. With regard to the light—ortolans are rapidly fattened by a make-believe of four or five sunrises *per diem*, through the windows of the place where they are confined (as they only feed at break of day), and—

"A cruel advantage is taken by the natives of India of their knowledge of the above fact. The wild hog will not fatten in confinement, because he is constantly looking about for some way of escape, and is harassed by the prospect of his prison walls. They therefore sew up the eyelids of the animal, and then he rapidly becomes fit for the table."

Mentioning this cruelty, we must quote with great sincerity a remark of Dr. Chambers upon some of the perhaps valuable, but no doubt very barbarous experiments upon subjects of this kind, made by foreign *philosophers*, such as Majendie, Bernard, and Ferichs:—

"There are (says the English physician) several reasons why they are not exhibited on the present occasion. First and chiefly, I am not convinced that we have a right to torture a creature subject to our rule merely to gain knowledge. The effect of the infliction of such pain may possibly not be injurious to others, but I know it would harden my heart, and therefore I will not do it. But, besides that, these delicate animal fluids change so easily when out of the body, that I think it hazardous to trust to observations made upon them so situated."

But, gravely speaking, we ought to acknowledge, that with all our badinage (?) we are inclined to do justice to this little volume as a treatise of rare consequence, and most deserving of attention. The more especial medical positions we do not discuss, for We are not *The Lancet* or *The Medical Gazette*; but we will confess that we have due regard to the changes in our own weight, and are not of the "Communi enim fit vitio nature, ut invisus, latitantibus, et incognitis rebus majis confidamus."

We then, having cleared our conscience, come home:—

"The amount of fat required for the full and perfect resistance of the body, is different, as aforesaid, in different individuals, and will also vary according to their mode of life. Thus a man of letters will require less than a soldier, a soldier less than a prize-fighter."

Thank Heaven! Were it otherwise, we should be like the Ethiopian serenader, "Bones," and have nothing to oppose to the world in the way of that "perfect resistance" in which we have prided ourselves during the third portion of a century's *Literary Gazette*. But if we wanted the fat of the other cognate classes indicated by Dr. Chambers, we would humbly ask him where we, or our genus, are to get it? Will, or can, Dr. Chambers prescribe a regimen superior to that so confessedly excellent in past years for increasing the circulation?—well, if so, here is his fee. We are healthy, and do not wish to wax fat like Jeshuram; but improved vitality is ever welcome, even to the healthy, at the risk of plethora. Let us get ever so fat, we are glad to find that our progeny need not necessarily inherit our obesity and fullness. The periodical offspring of the *Literary Gazette* will, we trust, thrive on food similar to that provided by their mighty prototype (ourselves), and if by other means they get disensibly corpulent, all we shall say is, that we do not think they will be as healthy. To be done with this, we quote a droll bit or two in consequence of bad grammar:—

"Two Brothers and a Sister, of considerable obesity (Nos. 26, 27, and 28), have twenty-six children between them, instead of the average number twelve."

"While thirteen per cent. is the full proportion of insane patients whose disease can be traced to the preceding generation, and twenty-four and a half per cent. the number of consumptive persons in whom the affection is hereditary, we shall see, by looking at the table of corpulent persons, that their tendency is referable to their ancestors in twenty out of the thirty-eight cases quoted, in five more is to be seen in their collateral relations, in six only is stated to be absent, and in the rest is doubtful or not known."

"This hereditary nature of corpulence, rather I think than any peculiarity of climate, has made it endemic in several countries. It appears to hold more to the race than to the land they live in. Our own nation has long been known for its tendency. Erasmus says, that in his day for one stout person to be seen on the Continent there were four in England, and I do not think that our inclination in this direction has in any degree diminished. I have sometimes, when detained by accident in one of our great London thoroughfares, counted for ten minutes or more the multitudes which streamed past. I have rarely numbered one hundred adults without a passer by whose mode of walking was decidedly hampered by obesity, and occasionally as many as two and three per cent. went by. Among the pure Celts who live in the same climate as we do, it is less frequent. It has been diminished in our Transatlantic brethren, probably by the more general mixture of blood by intermarriage."

"Tranquillity of mind has a well-known power over the accumulation of fat, familiar even to the poets. During the acute stage of mania patients become emaciated, but when that passes off, they regain flesh. Dr. Sutherland tells me he is accustomed to draw from this circumstance a prognosis concerning the disease: if the mental affection abates at the same time, he views the fattening as a favourable symptom; but if, on the contrary, it

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occurs without improvement in the state of the mind, it is unfavourable. Very frequently, he tells me, when the disease is likely to pass into imbecility or fatuity, the patient's face becomes peculiarly fat and pasty in appearance."

We end with a singular opinion, such as we hardly expected in such a treatise:—

"It is difficult to exaggerate the sad influence which the fatal talents of Socrates and his pupils exerted over the Greek mind. They turned the attention of their countrymen, and through them of the whole civilized world, to metaphysical speculation; to advance which branch of intellectual culture there is scarce a man in a century who is capable; whereas physical science can be promoted in various degrees by men of much inferior capacity. Aristophanes saw the evil in the bud, and pointed it out in his pantomime of 'The Clouds'; but the attraction of apparent knowledge is too great for satire to counteract, and so men were diverted from the experimental school of Democritus—from a task in which all could have assisted—to one in which all were obliged to follow as imitators,

"And dance, like fairies, a fantastic round,  
But neither change their motion nor their ground."

"There is in the present day a fear expressed lest the introduction of physical studies into our universities should render the English mind too empirical. Let us remember that, if this is an evil, there is an evil also of an opposite character, which checked the advance of intellect for 2000 years."

MR. SHEDDEN.

*The Law of Kindness.* By the Rev. Thomas Pyne, A.M. Gilpin.

A LITTLE work inculcating the practice of what Christianity teaches. Mankind are too apt to enforce their views by pains and penalties, by force and repression. Mr. Pyne contends for the application of kindness in our various social and public relations, and illustrates the effects of the application of this treatment. We wish him many converts, but fear the law of kindness is not yet destined to govern men or nations.

We are unable to give any extracts from the book, the subject being treated in too serious a spirit to permit their quotation by us, but our readers will be grateful to the author for the publication of a curious letter from poor Shedden, who it will be recollected accompanied the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, in his yacht the *Nancy Dawson*. Shedden was at Loo Choo, where he found a British subject, Dr. Bettelheim, a physician and missionary, belonging to a British society, who with his wife and children were the only Europeans in the kingdom. The Government wanted them to go away, which the Doctor did not feel justified in doing. Hence his ill-treatment, and, on Shedden's arrival, appeal to him for protection. The letter is addressed to a relative in England, and we transfer such parts of it as possess most interest to our columns:—

"Royal Thames Yacht Club Schooner Nancy Dawson,  
Napa Kiang Loo Choo,  
26th May, 1849.

"I write a few lines which I hope, in the course of events, may reach you, although the period when they may arrive is very doubtful—Loo Choo being out of the direct line of route to Post-office—in fact I leave this with Dr. Bettelheim to be sent off by any ship which may come here, an event that happens every few years. I sailed from Hong Kong on the 1st inst., and after a rather tedious passage arrived here on Tuesday the 22nd, intending to sail the next day after filling up water,

but in consequence of a letter I received from Dr. Bettelheim, I considered myself bound to remain, as it was required to represent some things he complained of to the Government, so I sent and invited the Regent to come on board; but he sent the Governor of this town to me saying he was an old man and very sick, but that he would come from the capital and would be glad to see me at the Court House of Napa Kiang on the 24th, which I had informed him was the Queen of England's birthday—so I accordingly went, having had the *Nancy Dawson* previously dressed, and left orders to fire a royal salute shortly after I was seen to land—and it so happened that the first gun fired just as the Regent, the second officer of Napa, and the governor of Napa Kiang, and myself sat down to dinner, with Mandarins to attend on us. The dinner consisted of several hundred different dishes, and lasted upwards of four hours. We had pipes between each course, and eat with chop sticks (rather difficult), after which the Regent proposed the 'Queen of England's Health,' which was drunk. I then proposed the Regent's and the young king of Loo Choo's health; and all, except myself, appeared as merry as could be, for I had just heard that one of my men had had his right hand blown off during the salute; and also knowing what must take place when I handed a letter I had written to the Regent, complaining of the treatment that Dr. Bettelheim, a British subject, had received from the Government, and by their orders likewise, as several cases had occurred in which they, in their wretched narrow-minded policy, had most grievously abused the British nation. They had to send for Dr. Bettelheim to interpret it; but, as he was just engaged cutting off my poor fellow's arm, it was some time before he could come, and when he came he could only give them the general purport of my letter (rather a long one,) and promised to send them a Loo Choo translation the next day. As it was late, this was the time for me to be off—so I took my leave. Before daylight next morning the Governor was off to my vessel, attended by a host of Mandarins, &c., bringing me several presents from the Regent and himself, which I refused to receive till he accepted several things from me; and some hours after, a second time, with letters to myself and Lord Palmerston—so I trust I have been of some use to my country. The fact is, that I am in a most singular country, which I would have to write a volume to make you understand. To the few English ships that ever have been here they have given water and fresh provisions, and would never accept of payment—all they wanted was for them to go away. One of our transports was wrecked here in the China war—they built the people belonging to her a *junk* to take them away, gave them provisions, &c., &c., and would take nothing for it—so we have a good deal to thank them for, which made my talk more difficult. I had hardly anchored before boats with pigs, poultry, vegetables, water, &c., &c., were sent to me, for which they would not receive payment. But Dr. Bettelheim's letter I was obliged to take notice of. He is a clever man as a doctor, is well supplied with medicines from the society he belongs to, which, together with his advice, he is most anxious to be allowed to give to the natives; and he also wishes to convert such as he can to Christianity—and the treatment the poor man has received is most awful, merely for wishing to do good. He has been beaten, starved, and stoned, &c., &c., &c., and as he informs me he is very well and most amply paid by his society, he wants nothing but to be allowed to buy the food he requires, which the government will not allow, and all this is only to make him go away.

"This I represented to the Regent, and at the same time begged to be allowed to pay for what I had received, and stated that all English ships wished to do the same, and that they acted in a most improper manner in 'saying that we came here and kept their country poor'; and at the same time I stated that they must expect from the great

increase of traffic to be far more frequently visited by ships than they have been, and that if they would let ships have what provisions, &c., they required, and charge them for it, instead of having their country made poor, they would enrich it. I also thanked them for the kindness they had previously shown to our ships and shipwrecked people; and finished by saying that I hoped the friendship which has been between Loo Choo and Great Britain would long continue, but that it depended upon themselves. Of all other vessels that have been here, the people have not been allowed to land, or if with great difficulty allowed on shore, it was at some out of the way place, and they were never allowed to enter into the town. I have been every day about the sea-port town of Napa Kiang, and yesterday I went to the capital city Sooié—a town which former visitors to this country only heard of, but never even knew where it was. Some pleasure-grounds near it are most lovely, and the country very pretty and well cultivated; and with a more liberal government no doubt will become a place of importance. Tomorrow, if the poor fellow who had his arm blown off is able to do without the doctor's attendance, I shall sail for Kamschatka."

The letter could hardly have reached its destination before the news arrived of its writer's decease.

CENTO.

*Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics.* By Denis Florence McCarthy. Dublin: McGlashan.

THERE is good stuff and poetry too in this volume, which often breathes a high and heroic spirit, deals congenially with legendary lore, and tries, we think, as many kinds of versification (some of them new to us) as we have met with in a collection of Bards. Rhymes, construction, and we know not what else, are treated with the utmost liberty, and generally, we may say, with good and stirring effect. Here, for instance, are a few lines from the "Bell-Founder," an interesting tale of Italy:—

"At noon, as he lay in the sultriness, under his broad leafy  
limes,  
Far sweeter than murmuring waters came the toll of the  
Angelus chimed.  
Pious and tranquil he rose, and uncovered his reverend  
head,  
And thrice was the Ave-Maria and thrice was the Angelus  
said,  
Sweet custom the South still retaineth, to turn for a moment  
away  
From the pleasures and pains of existence, from the trouble  
and turmoil of day,  
From the tumult within and without, to the peace that  
abideth on high,  
When the deep, solemn sound from the belfry comes down  
like a voice from the sky.

"And thus round the heart of the old man, at morning, at  
noon, and at eve,  
The bells, with their rich woof of music, the net-work of  
happiness weave.  
They ring in the clear, tranquil evening, and lo! all the air  
is alive,  
As the sweet-laden thoughts come, like bees, to abide in his  
heart as a hive.  
They blend with his moments of joy, as the odour doth blend  
with the flower,—  
They blend with his light-falling tears, as the sunshine doth  
blend with the shower.  
As their music is mirthful or mournful, his pulse beateth  
sluggish or fast,  
And his breast takes its hue, like the ocean, as the sunshine  
or shadows are cast.

"Thus adding new zest to enjoyment, and drawing the sharp  
sting from pain.  
The heart of the old man grew young, as it drank the sweet  
musical strain."

"Alice and Una" is another sweet composition, but we only cite enough of it to exhibit the verse:—

"Alice was a chieftain's daughter, and, though many suitors  
sought her,  
She so loved Glengriffin's water that she let her lovers pine;



Her eye was beauty's palace, and her cheek an ivory chalice,  
Through which the blood of Alice gleamed soft as rosiest  
wine,  
And her lips like lumore blossoms which the fairies inter-  
twine,

And her heart a golden mine.

"She was gentler and shyer than the light fawn that stood  
by her,  
And her eyes emit a fire soft and tender as her soul;  
Love's dewy light doth drown her, and the braided locks  
that crown her  
Than autumn's trees are browner, when the golden shadows  
roll  
Through the forests in the evening, when cathedral turrets  
toll,  
And the purple sun advanceth to its goal.

"Her cottage was a dwelling all regal homes excelling,  
But, ah! beyond the telling was the beauty round it spread—  
The wave and sunshine playing, like sisters each arraying—  
Far down the sea-plants swaying upon their coral bed,  
As languid as the tresses on a sleeping maiden's head,  
When the summer breeze is dead."

Lover has something of the same kind, and  
other Irish poets have seemed fond of the  
jingle both for pathos and mirth—take one  
stanza more:—

"But her cheeks—ah! what are roses?—what are clouds  
where eve reposes?—  
What are hues that dawn discloses?—to the blushes spread-  
ing there;

And what the sparkling motion of a star within the ocean,  
To the crystal soft emotion that her lustrous dark eyes wear?  
And the tresses of a moonless and a starless night are fair  
To the blackness of her raven hair."

The Foray of Con O'Donnell is a spunky  
and delightful legend; a glowing picture of  
ancient times and feelings, with an excellent  
*dénouement*. The Chief is taunted to intense  
rage by the bard describing John Mac Don-  
nell's bride, horse, and hound, as far superior  
to all that Con could boast, and the Irish  
Chief invades and harries the Scottish settler's  
castle in Antrim. It is altogether a hit—we  
quote a passage:—

"Now, by Columba! Con exclaimed,  
'Methinks this Scot should be ashamed  
To snatch at once, in satelless greed,  
The fairest maid and finest steed;  
My realm is dwindled in mine eyes,  
I know not what to praise or prize,  
And even my noble dog, O Bard,  
Now seems unworthy my regard!'

"When comes the raven of the sea  
To nestle on an alien strand,  
Oh! ever, ever will he be  
The master of the subject land.  
The fairest dame, he holdeth her—  
For him the noblest steed doth bound;—  
Your dog is but a household cur,  
Compared to John Mac Donnell's hound!

"As fly the shadows o'er the grass,  
He flies with step as light and sure,  
He hunts the wolf through Trostan pass,  
And starts the deer by Lisnoure!  
The music of the Sabbath bells,  
Oh, Con! has not a sweeter sound,  
Than when along the valley swells  
The cry of John Mac Donnell's hound.

"His stature tall, his body long,  
His back like night, his breast like snow,  
His fore-leg pillar-like and strong,  
His hind-leg like a bended bow;  
Rough, curling hair, head long and thin,  
His ear a leaf so small and round:  
Not Bran, the favourite hound of Fin,  
Could rival John Mac Donnell's hound.

"O Con! thy bard will sing no more,  
There is a fearful time at hand;  
The Scot is on the northern shore,  
The Saxon in the eastern land,  
The hour comes on with quicker flight,  
When all who live on Irish ground  
Must render to the stranger's might  
Both maid and wife, and steed and hound!"

"The trembling bard again retires,  
But now he lights a thousand fires;  
The pent-up flame bursts out at length,  
In all its burning, taleless strength.  
You'd think each clansman's foe was by,  
So sternly flashed each angry eye;  
You'd think 'twas in the battle's clang,  
O'Donnell's thundering accents rang!"

The description of the dog reminds us of  
Shakspeare and Theseus: a compliment indeed  
to the author, to grace whom we add another  
fragment from a "Lament":—

"Once this world

Was fresh and bright  
With its golden noon  
And its starry night;  
Glad and light,

By mountain and river,  
Have I bless'd the Giver  
With hushed delight.

"These were the days  
Of story and song,  
When Hope had a meaning  
And Faith was strong.  
'Life will be long,  
And lit with Love's gleamings:'  
Such were my dreamings,  
But, ah! how wrong!

"Youth's illusions,  
One by one,  
Have passed like clouds  
That the sun looked on.  
While morning shone,  
How purple their fringes  
How shy their tinges  
When that was gone!

"Darkness that cometh  
Ere morn has fled—  
Boughs that wither  
Ere fruits are shed—  
Death bells instead  
Of a bridal's pealings—  
Such are my feelings,  
Since Hope is dead!

"Sad is the knowledge  
That cometh with years—  
Bitter the tree  
That is watered with tears;  
Truth appears,  
With his wise predictions,  
Then vanish the fictions  
Of boyhood's years."

One more piece of tenderness, with a soft-  
ening lesson:—

"Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,

Throbbing for the May—

Throbbing for the sea-side billows,

Or the water-wooling willows;

Where in laughing and in sobbing

Glide the streams away.

Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,

Throbbing for the May.

"Waiting sad, dejected, weary,

Waiting for the May,

Spring goes by with wasted warnings,

Moon-lit evenings, sun-bright mornings;

Summer comes, yet dark and dreary

Life still ebbs away:

Man is ever weary, weary,

Waiting for the May!"

There are also some national and political  
compositions in the too common Hibernian  
strain. It is strange that "hereditary bonds-  
men" should be always ranting or lamenting  
in such a style; it is a confession of imbecility,  
unworthy of a noble people, and ought to be  
abandoned.

*Poems.* By John Harwood, a Minor.

Pickering.

POEMS by aspiring youth must generally be  
received as evidence of feeling in a right direc-  
tion, and a mind susceptible of poetical in-  
fluence. Beyond this it is impossible to pre-  
dicate from immature productions whether  
the writer may turn out a Byron or a Bavius.  
Such is the present volume: very creditable  
to a lad of sixteen; but whether he will here-  
after "make a spoon, or spoil a horn," it  
affords us no data to prophesy.

*Lyrics and Meditations.* By William Gaspey,  
Author of *Summer Offerings*. Mitchell.

MR. GASPEY, the son of a literary sire, often  
calling for our praise, is a faithful votary of  
the muse. This collection of brief poetic  
effusions is honourable to his pen and himself.  
About forty pieces in less than twice forty  
pages can require from us but a sample of the  
lyrical and moral spirit of the whole:—

A CHURCH-YARD BY MOONLIGHT.

"The old church-yard—how lovely seems  
That rest of the unconscious dead,  
Where the moon's pale and trembling beams  
At midnight's hour of silence shed  
Their light on flower, and turf, and stone,  
And ancient tombs with moss o'ergrown.

"While o'er this calm and holy spot  
Night's planetary glories roll,  
Deep musing on its future lot,  
Thus thinks the meditative soul:  
'Here mortal cares and troubles cease,  
Here may the weary heart find peace.'

"How soothing 'mid the tombs to rove,  
Where Life's most precious jewels lie,  
When shines the harvest-moon above  
This landscape of mortality,  
Like Memory, that beacon bright,  
Reflecting on the past her light!"

*The Wedding-Bells; with other Poems.* By  
the Rev. G. Everth. Bentley.

IN other days the *Wedding Bells* would have  
communicated many pleasing poetical sounds  
to poetical readers. But, whether right or  
wrong, our Musical Bells have got into another  
pitch, and the chimes which would have  
pleased fifty years ago, can now hardly gain  
an Ear. Mr. Everth's *Bells* fall most dis-  
tinctly within this change of tune and time.  
They are sweet, as his church, Christshall, is  
Essex, (is we need not spoil the compliment  
by adding, "in the distance"); and in the  
days when suppers of mutton were bequeathed  
to good ringers, would have procured him a  
supper for life. There is besides a little bit  
of humour now and then, and always some  
fancy. We will rank the volume among our  
preserves, and our example will not lack  
followers.

*The Sanctuary; its Lessons and its Worship.*  
By Mungo Ponton. Edinburgh: Oliphant  
and Sons. London: Hamilton, Adams,  
and Co.

THE beautiful Service of the Church of Eng-  
land, though it may be weakened in its im-  
pressiveness by repetitions, has at least found  
a faithful worshipper in Mr. Ponton. This  
volume has turned the whole into verse,  
varied as the matter required, and if we have  
nothing to say for the Poetry (for in fact the  
Poetical is forbidden by the task), we can truly  
say that the rendering is devotional and pious,  
and as near the ritual as could be conceived.  
The hymns (Psalms) relieve the blank verse  
of the Litany, &c., and—what shall we add  
to commend a good purpose?—persons neces-  
sarily at home on the Sabbath, may in reading  
*The Sanctuary* maintain a pleasant sympathy  
with those who have been able to go to church.

MUSA BAR-NUM-MI!

To conclude our poetical review for this No.  
we copy from the last *New York Literary  
World*, the following specimens of a witty  
little volume under the title of *Barnum's Pan-  
nassus*, purporting to be confidential dis-  
closures of the Prize Committee, "with spec-  
imens of the leading American Poets in the  
Happiest Effulgence of their Genius, Respec-  
tfully Dedicated to the American Eagle:—

*Barnumopsis. A Recitative.*

When to the common rest that crowns his days,  
Dusty and worn the tired pedestrian goes,  
What light is that whose wide o'erlooking blaze,  
A sudden glory on his pathway throws?

'Tis not the setting sun, whose drooping lid  
Closed on the weary world at half-past six;  
'Tis not the rising moon, whose rays are hid  
Behind the city's sombre piles of bricks.

It is the Drummond Light, that from the top  
Of Barnum's massive pile, sky-mingling there,  
Darts its quick gleam o'er every shadowed shop,  
And glids Broadway with unaccustomed glare.

There o'er the sordid gloom, whose deepening track  
Furrows the city's brow, the front of ages;  
Thy loftier light descends on cabs and hacks,  
And on two dozen different lines of stages!  
O, twilight Sun, with thy far-darting ray,  
Thou art a type of him whose tireless hands  
Hung thee on high to guide the stranger's way,  
Where, in its pride, his vast Museum stands:

Him, who in search of wonders new and strange,  
Grasps the wide skirts of Nature's mystic robe,  
Explores the circles of eternal change,  
And the dark chambers of the central globe.

He, from the reedy shores of fabled Nile,  
Has brought, thick-ribbed and ancient as old iron,  
That venerable beast the crocodile,  
And many a skin of many a famous lion.

Go, lose thyself in those continuous halls,  
Where stray the fond papa with son and daughter,  
And all that charms, or startles, or appals,  
Thou shalt behold, and for a single quarter!

Far from the Barcan deserts now withdrawn,  
There huge constrictors coil their scaly backs,  
There, cased in glass, malignant and unshorn,  
Old murderers glare in sullenness and wax.

There many a varied form the sight beguiles,  
In rusty broad-cloth decked and shocking hat,  
And there the unwieldy Lambert sits and smiles  
In the majestic plenitude of fat.

Or for thy rayer hours the orang-outang  
Or ape salutes thee with his strange grimace,  
And in their shapes, stuffed as on earth they sprang,  
Thine individual being thou canst trace!

And joys the youth in life's green spring, who goes  
With the sweet babe and the grey-headed nurse,  
To see those Cosmoramaic orbs disclose  
The varied beauties of the universe.

And last, not least, the marvellous Ethiope,  
Changing his skin by preternatural skill,  
Whom every setting sun's diurnal scope  
Leaves whiter than the last, and whitening still.

All that of monstrous, scaly, strange, and queer,  
Has come from out the womb of earliest time,  
Thou hast, O Barnum, in thy keeping here,  
Nor is this all—for triumphs more sublime

Await thee yet! I, Jenny Lind, who reigned  
Sublimely throned, the imperial queen of song,  
Wooded by thy golden harmonies have deigned  
Capitulate to the heterogeneous throng.

Sustained by an unfaltering trust in coin,  
Dealt from thy hand, O thou illustrious man,  
Gladly I heard the summons come to join  
Myself the innumerable caravan!

### The Zephyr Song.

By Sophronia of the West.

Oh sweet and serene is the Nightingale's song  
Warbled out of his soft, downy, delicate throat,  
As he sits on the tree top, and sings all night long,  
With a gentle, seraphic, symphonious note.

Oh soft is the rivulet's low heaving dash,  
With its murmuring trickle, meander, and twist,  
You may hear its faint ripple and exquisite splash,  
If you pause on the moss-covered margin, and list.

Oh mild is the zephyr that sports in the grove,  
In the glowing, profound, circumambient air,  
There the sweet little robin and hummingbird rove,  
And the home of the innocent woodcock is there!

But sweeter, serene, more mild, and more soft,  
Is the song I would warble and whisper to thee,  
Oh country of Barnum—sweet country, how oft  
Has the thought of the Songstress reverted to thee!

I hail thee! I hail thee! and oh, how my heart  
Swells, heaves, and expands, I cannot express,  
Weeps, sighs, and rejoices, and fain would depart  
To the home of the Zephyr thy shores to caress!

And just as the Zephyr lurks in the cool shade,  
The meadow, the grove, the cerulean sky,  
Shall my spirit the home of thy greatness pervade,  
And soar with the Eagle to regions on high!

### Sweet Fifteen, or the Brave Fireman.

Just landed in New York, what think you first I saw,  
With its brasses bright and clean?  
'Twas Sweet Fifteen,  
Going to the fire!

On Sunday, with the church bells, other sounds arose,  
Of heavy bells, all between;  
'Twas Sweet Fifteen,  
Going to the fire!

At noon all about there was a mighty rout,  
I saw a thundering machine;  
'Twas Sweet Fifteen,  
Going to the fire!

A trumpet spoke at midnight, like a battle-cry,  
What could the summons mean?  
'Twas Sweet Fifteen,  
Going to the fire!

Fire-and-forty red men past my window came;  
Are these Indians I have seen?  
'Twas Sweet Fifteen,  
Going to the fire!

### SUMMARY.

#### The Philosopher's Mite to the Exhibition of 1851. Houlston and Stoneman.

ADDRESSED to the Prince, in a becoming and respectful manner, this pamphlet takes a new view of the forthcoming meeting. After a retrospective history of various nations and ages, the substance of the writer's fears of evil consequences may be comprehended from the subjoined quotation:—

"The most afflicting and appalling mortalities experienced throughout all Europe, have arisen from over-animalisation inseparable from immense accidental influx. This is a broad, intelligible fact, for the thousandth time offered to the notice of man, and exemplified within the last few years throughout the greater part of the known world. Utterly insensate must we be, if it fail to convey to us a warning. Men may boast as they please of the newly-acquired sovereignty of mind over matter, but princes and peasants are alike impotent to say, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.' Pestilence, like the flux of the sea, moves by laws immutable, though least understood. Thus much, however, is known, that monster collections of masses in confined space, especially when derived from various and distant sources, are commonly found to bring with them all the heterodox materials necessary for pestilential development, in that mystic caldron of human calamity, an over-grown metropolis. Wise men, *par excellence*, of all nations, have pronounced that every gigantic scheme for human improvement has encountered dire reverses, never contemplated by the benevolent originators. Hence, whilst the less enlightened heathen has pronounced the gods envious, our holy religion teaches us to magnify Him who delights to show man his own littleness, by confounding the mighty, and exposing the blunders of human wisdom. If we may believe divines all over the world, the condition of mankind was never more ripe for the lesson. What sickened Charles V. of grandeur, and has so often brought enthusiasts to a cruel and sudden exit? How noble the scheme for slave abolition! How sickening the history of that as of former crusades of all sorts! 'Although a man be ever so perfect among the children of men, without God's wisdom he is as nothing.' The history of Icarus is but a fable, but every fable hath depth and meaning in it, to be fathomed by the plummet of man's understanding. We are old, and have seen much; we have read more: yet we have never known or read of any gigantic scheme for the improvement of the human family, which has not cost its originators much anxiety, even when ultimately and partially successful. All such schemes have led to events, which, if they could have been foreseen, would have paralyzed human exertions. The lofty ladder of human knowledge, like that of human ambition, was predestined to be ascended step by step. Whenever man, intoxicated at having attained a few extra rounds, looking in the clouds and scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend, attempts a new mode of soaring on Icarian wings, his flight, uniformly found to be short and imperfect, is followed by a rapid descent, and not unfrequently by summary destruction."

A Letter on the Speech of Lord Palmerston on the Greek Question. By a Greek Gentleman. Wilson.

A somewhat bulky pamphlet (nearly a hundred pages), in which the writer impugns the Foreign Secretary's whole policy, and charges him with having driven Greece into the arms of Russia, and afforded that power a *point d'appui* for extending her empire over the seas and western world. The recent [unhappy] occurrences at Athens are all laid at the door of Lord Palmerston, and are stated to have materially affected the feelings with which we are regarded.

### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

#### THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

THE arrival of the *North Star*, which was dispatched in May, 1849, with provisions for Sir John Franklin's Expedition, brings no news of the missing vessels. On the 30th of September, after some perilous navigation, she took up her winter quarters in a small bay up Wolstenholme Sound, lying in 76° 33' north latitude, and 68° 56' west longitude, where she was forced to remain till the 1st of August in the present year, and only got into clear water on the 3rd of that month.

On the 21st of August, the *North Star* spoke the *Lady Franklin*, Captain Penny, and her consort, the *Sophia*, and the following day spoke the *Felix*, Sir John Ross, in Lancaster Sound. On the 23rd of August the *North Star* began landing the provisions she had carried out in Navy Board Inlet, 73° 44' north latitude, 80° 56' west longitude. She remained five days there, and was occupied four and a half in landing her stores, which were deposited in a ravine a short distance from the beach of Supply-bay, the bight in Navy Board Inlet, which the commander of the *North Star* so named.

On the 30th of August the *North Star* saw and spoke to the schooner *Prince Albert*, Commander Forsyth, in Possession-bay. Her people suffered much from the intense cold, but has only lost five hands during her perilous trip and Arctic winter quarters.

This intelligence, or rather failure of intelligence, has since been followed up by the publication of long and very confused despatches from Sir John Ross, from which it appears that all the ships engaged in exploring these regions had been more or less in communication, and arranged a plan for pursuing their several courses. But these despatches are principally to be referred to for a most disgraceful attempt to vamp up a story of the destruction of the lost ships, *Erebus* and *Terror*, and the murder of their crews. That the whole of this is a cruel invention, and utterly destitute of truth or foundation, we think we may venture to assure our readers, without troubling them with the particulars; and we can only rejoice that there was a second interpreter on the spot to dissipate the mendacious alarm. The friends and relatives of those with Franklin and Crozier need, at any rate, entertain no new apprehensions from the attempted propagation of this vile rumour.

Since penning the above, some authentic information has reached the Admiralty, by the *Prince Albert*, Commander Forsyth, which arrived at Aberdeen on the night of Tuesday last. The substance of her communication is, she had attempted to touch at Port Bowen and Port Leopold, but was prevented by the ice from even dragging a boat to either of these places. She, however, fell in with the American brigantine, *Advance*, and accompanied her to Cape Hurl and up Barrow's Straits; and afterwards proceeded to Cape Spencer, Wellington Channel, where an impenetrable barrier of ice forbade all farther progress in that direction. On the 25th of August, Commander Forsyth, therefore, bore up and sent Mr. Snow, the second officer in command, to examine Cape Riley. Here he found the *Advance* again, but she was a ground. Mr. Snow found traces of five or six tents or encampments at Cape Riley, which had evidently been erected by officers and men in her Majesty's service. The *Assistance* had been here two days previously, and left the following important memorandum:—

#### "Her Majesty's Arctic Searching Expedition.

"This is to certify that Captain Ommanney, with the officers of her Majesty's ships *Assistance* and *Intrepid*, landed upon Cape Riley on the 12th of August, 1850, where he found traces of encampments, and collected the remains of materials, which evidently proved that some party belonging to her Majesty's ships had been detained on this spot. Beechey Island was also examined, where traces were found of the same party.

"This is also to give notice that a supply of provisions and fuel is at Port Leopold. Her Majesty's ships *Assistance*

and *Intrepid* were detached from the squadron under Captain Austin, off Wolstenholme, on the 15th inst., since when they have examined the north shores of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits, without meeting any other traces. Captain Ommanney proceeds to Cape Hotham and Cape Walker, in search for further traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition.

"Dated on board her Majesty's ship *Assistance*, off Cape Riley, Aug. 23, 1850. ERASMUS OMMANNEY."

Commander Forsyth's own despatch states, in addition to the fact left on record by Captain Ommanney upon Cape Riley:—"We observed five places where tents had been pitched, or stones placed as if they had been used for keeping the lower part of the tents down; also, great quantities of beef, pork, and birds' bones, a piece of rope with the Woolwich naval mark in it (yellow), part of which I have enclosed."

After making this examination the *Prince Albert* bore up for Cape York, on the eastern side of Prince Regent's Inlet; the whole of this inlet was blocked up with solid ice. On exploring the land here Mr. Snow found a cairn of stones, evidently gathered and put up by some party, but no trace of anything that could indicate that Sir John Franklin had been there. At Possession Bay on the 29th of August, another search was made, but without discovering any traces of the missing expedition. On the 2nd of September the *Prince Albert* got into Pond's Bay. Mr. Snow was sent ashore here to examine four points of land, but on none of them could any traces be found of Sir John Franklin. Left Pond's Bay on the 2nd, and made the passage home in a month. Commander Forsyth has thus, it is observed by the *Times*, explored regions which Sir James Ross was unable to reach last year. He was at Wellington, and also at Fury Beach, a point which has not been reached by any vessel for twenty years past. The whole of the coasts of Baffin's Bay were also explored without result.

The *Prince Albert* brings the following tidings regarding the other expeditions:—"On the 25th of August the *Assistance* was within Cape Hotham. The *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*, Captain Penny's two ships, were in the midchannel. The American brig *Rescue* was close beset with ice near Cape Bowen. The *Intrepid* was not seen, but was believed to be with the *Assistance*. The ice was very heavy, extending all around from Prince Leopold's Island to Cape Farewell to the westward, so as to prevent any of the vessels getting to Cape Walker. In Wellington Channel Captain Penny was pushing his way upwards, but it was feared that the ice would ultimately be too strong for him, and that he would have to return home, leaving Captain Austin's squadron only to winter in the ice. The *Felix* was to make for Admiralty Inlet, and Sir John Ross intended to return to England.

### ARCHÆOLOGY.

#### SOMERSETSHIRE ARCHÆOLOGICAL AND NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of this society was held at Wells, on Tuesday week, and the occasion was productive of a scene of animation rarely witnessed in that sedate but beautiful little city. The weather was exceedingly auspicious; and, in consequence, the proceedings were enjoyed by a much larger number of persons than would otherwise have been present, and the whole affair (the dinner excepted, and that was a very badly managed part of it) passed off in a satisfactory manner. A museum had been formed in one of the large rooms of the Sessions House, where a medley collection of all kinds, including some curious and interesting relics of antiquity, were arranged.

At one o'clock, the hour appointed for the meeting for discussion, the *Nisi Prius* court, in which it took place, was crowded by a large and fashionable audience. The Right Rev. the Bishop of the diocese presided. The Dean, and most of

the cathedral dignitaries were also present, as were very many other clergymen, and a number of ladies.

In the papers read at this meeting, precedence was given to archaeological subjects; and the Right Rev. CHAIRMAN delivered an eloquent address, from which we select the following passages:—"I feel sure that there is no one here who would wish me to view these subjects otherwise than as subsidiary to that greatest of all wisdom to which my spiritual office mainly directs me; and I would wish you, in like manner, to remember all along (what indeed the character of my observations will of itself remind you of,) that it is not a professor, or a servant, but your Bishop who speaks to you. The time, I trust, is come when it is as unnecessary to defend the pursuit of natural history from the imputation of irreligion, as the study of antiquity from a tendency to trifling and superstition. Still, there may even now be evils into which a too exclusive devotion to either study may lead its votaries, and which it may not be out of place for one in my position to recal for your warning. Yet one chief excellence in both pursuits I would first most gladly dwell on, which indeed may be overlooked by beginners, and by those who have only a little learning, but which, I am convinced, is the great lesson to be learnt (and which will be learnt) by all who enter deeply and with a right spirit—a pearl missed by those who dive shallowly, but treasured as of greatest price by all who have most profoundly fathomed the depths of learning. And that lesson is the lesson of humility. Whether we view the workings of the Almighty's hand in the minutest of the creeping things under our feet, in the lowest hyssop on the wall, in the cedar forests, or in the mountains on which they grow, in the stupendous ruins of early creations now passed away, or whether we view the handicraft of man, in the massive columns, the lofty arches, the delicate tracery, the skilful groining, the exquisite sculpture (of all of which this city and neighbourhood furnish such rich examples), there is but one and the same lesson of humility to be learnt."

The Rev. F. DYMOCK read the Report for the past year:—"In pursuance of their design of accumulating facts and writing correspondence with persons in all parts of the county, they have issued a series of questions on archaeology, ecclesiastical architecture, and botany. These last have drawn forth but few replies, but in the first two subjects they have received returns from twenty parishes, some of which furnish very complete information; and others, which are defective, may not be without use as serving to indicate in what cases it is worth while to make further inquiries."

"It is proposed, with the permission of the contributors, to select from these such portions as may seem suitable for publication, and may be sufficient to form an octavo volume; and it is intended to illustrate this publication with engravings on copper or wood of the following objects:—Nunney Castle; Lullington Church; the old Market Cross and Bridge at Bridgwater, both now removed; remains of ancient sculpture from St. Cuthbert's Church, Wells, and from Wellington Church; Saxon and early English coins struck in the county. Papers of a general nature, not relating to this county more than any other, though at the time of reading they afforded so much gratification and instruction to the auditors, they have no intention of committing to the press."

*Wells Cathedral*.—After the usual routine business, a paper was read on "Clay Pits in Somersetshire;" and Dr. J. H. MARKLAND addressed the meeting on the subject of "The Sculpture of the West End of Wells Cathedral," the particulars being contained in some communications which he had received from Mr. C. R. Cockerell. In a letter addressed to him, Mr. Cockerell said—"I am much honoured and gratified by your note of yesterday, and proposition regarding our beloved Wells, which, without any extreme or enthusiastic view, I must ever consider as the most interesting historical monument of the middle

ages in Europe. It would give me extreme pleasure to wait on the Somerset Archaeological Society at Wells, on the 17th, if my health (much disturbed by a severe attack of sciatica, two months ago) would permit; at all events, I shall hope to offer you some notes on the subject, which will suffice to present the chief fruits of my delightful studies on that precious monument. I shall be very curious to know which of those ascertained personages has recently fallen from his niche, as I hear through the papers." This was the statue of Edward the Elder, and was a very fine one. Fortunately, Mr. Cockerell has preserved a drawing of it. In a subsequent letter, Mr. Cockerell wrote—"I must limit my services to the transmission of the pictures of the west and east and north fronts, and their catalogues, and some of the statues, as examples of the whole,—eleven sheets in all. The letter-press already printed is too confused to trouble you with; in fine, the catalogue, and the recognition of the grand scheme, comprehending a religious homily, the great doctrines of the faith, according to the Hymn of St. Ambrose, the Te Deum, and, at the same time, an exhibition to the unlearned of those spiritual and temporal princes who, during 500 years, had protected and advanced the Faith, and the interest of Holy Church. The catalogue (I say) exhibiting this intention, is the comprehensive and interesting point for the contemplation of all observers, and the chief contribution I have to offer; and I cannot doubt that all who accept it will then agree that no monument in Europe, ancient or modern, has ever embodied so magnificent and glorious a scheme. In the nine tiers of sculpture we have, first, nearest the ground, the foundation of all, the Prophets and Apostles—'The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee.' In the second, the Angels—'To Thee all Angels cry aloud.' In the third, from the Creation of the Patriarchs, and the New Testament—'The Holy Church, throughout all the world, doth acknowledge thee.' The fourth and fifth, the historical tiers, (so deeply interesting,) may be included in this 'Holy Church.' The sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth illustrate our belief—'That Thou shalt come to be our Judge,' in the presence of the Apostles and the holy Angels; and the Resurrection subjects, full of pathos and expression. Over the door we are reminded—'When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.' See also in the soffets of the arch the Ten Commandments. The historical (a surprising series) will be of the deepest interest; and the learned will not fail to recognise, for example, on the spiritual side, Ina, the First Founder; Edward the Elder; the five Archbishops, translated before 1200, from Wells; Brithelmus, especially, holding his Pallium, and yielding it to King Edgar; the Bishops of Sherborne and of Wells. On the temporal side, Edgar, without his Crown; Athelstan; Alfred in the centre, the sun of this galaxy; Ethelfreda, withdrawing the nuptial ring from her finger, &c. &c.; Edward the Confessor; William the Conqueror; and Robert Courthose, lifting up his cloak to show you his short legs. All these, as proofs of identity, together with the regular succession which the catalogue exhibits, and the many other evidences the observer cannot fail to acknowledge, will, I think, satisfy every reasonable person of the correctness of my interpretations—the subject of so many long and delightful visits and contemplations of Wells." In a later communication, Mr. Cockerell said—"For those who observe the Court Calendar, Wells offers a very curious page. Beside Henry II., in the north front, is Alicia, his second queen, the mother, *fons et origo*, of 'all the Howards.' Robert, the old Duke of Normandy, and Fulke, Earl of Anjou, are above in the same front. Genealogists were dear to Bishop Trotman and his coadjutors, as they are to us now, when the stem and branches bear worthy fruits. Dr. Markland concluded with some excellent remarks on the value of such associations for preserving and illustrating the interesting monuments of ecclesi-



astical architecture; and the Rev. Malcolm Clerk read an elaborate paper on the same cathedral, with the view to establishing the dates of its various parts.

The dinner, as stated, proved a failure; there being neither room nor provision for the numbers assembled. So that those who could not gain admission, went away dinnerless; and those who *luckily* got in, above a hundred, had a capital scramble. The evening meeting, however, at seven o'clock, saw good humour pretty well restored—appetites somehow satisfied—and the Dean of Bath and Wells in the chair, pronouncing an admirable address.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

### FRANCE.

Paris, Thursday.

PRESIDENTIAL decrees of the 29th ultimo confer Crosses of the Legion of Honour on MM. Antoine and Arnaud d'Abbadie, the eminent Abyssinian travellers, "for the services they have rendered to geography, philology, science and commerce," by their arduous and daring journeys. On more than one occasion I have noticed the travels of these enterprising gentlemen; but it may be worth while to sum up some of the principal points from the laudatory report, in which the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce sets forth their claims to the distinction conferred on them.

In 1837, having resolved to devote their fortunes and labours to an attempt to discover the sources of the Nile, the two brothers met on the banks of the famous stream, and decided on commencing the search in compliance with the recommendations of Bruce, in the unknown countries of Central Africa to the south of Abyssinia. They there found "the Christian religion still existing, but weak, neglected, supported only by waning traditions, and separated by centuries from European discipline." Having left missionaries, they pushed on to Gondar, "a town," says the report, "fallen from its ancient splendour, but which local traditions, the residence of the nominal Emperor of Ethiopia, the number of students and ecclesiastics there assembled, and the presence of some wealthy merchants and natives, have caused for the last two hundred years to be considered as the capital of Abyssinia." On reaching Gondar, M. Antoine d'Abbadie found, to his great mortification, that he had not the scientific instruments necessary for the success of his mission, and he accordingly returned to Europe to seek them. But his brother, M. Arnaud, following in the footsteps of Bruce, went as far as Gojjam. His knowledge of the language and interests of the country, and, above all, the bravery he displayed in some war, won him the friendship of the governor, Dejateh-Gochon, the representative of a certain potentate, named Ras-Ali. This enabled him to study the manners and customs of the Ethiopian aristocracy, and also to procure several valuable historical and scientific manuscripts—among them, one in the Arab language, detailing the invasion of the Ethiopian empire, in the sixteenth century, by the Mussulmans; and another, "a letter, written in unknown characters, emanating, no doubt, from the Jewish sects, which still appear to exist in the interior of Africa."

At the beginning of 1840, M. Arnaud d'Abbadie went to Mucawwa, (an Abyssinian port, which boasts of being Christian, though on Mussulman territory,) to meet his brother Antoine on his return from Europe. The two brothers then proceeded by the route taken by the caravans to Adwa, where they remained a month, making astronomical and geographical observations. Their attempts to establish friendly relations with the Abyssinian chiefs were not successful; and M. Antoine, besides, had the misfortune to lose an eye, which compelled him to return to Aden for the advice of a European physician. But the two brothers, after a time, met again at Der-

berah, a huge assemblage of huts on the sea-side, inhabited only during the winter; this town, nevertheless, is the busiest commercial place of Eastern Africa, and our travellers noticed caravans from the interior of as many as 1000 camels. The *ware*, a plant much esteemed in Arabia, butter melted, ivory, myrrh, and incense are the articles of export; and the imports are almost exclusively goods from English India. From Berberah the travellers proceeded to Tujura, a small port, from which they proposed to penetrate into Southern Abyssinia; but their projects were balked, and they were compelled to return to Mucawwa. During their stay at Berberah and Tujura, they were able to pick up the language, and to ascertain the geography of the eastern angle of Africa, which has hitherto been left blank in the best maps.

Although they had thus twice failed in their design, our travellers were by no means discouraged. One of them, Arnaud, after a while returned to Gojjam; the other, Antoine, proceeded to Gondar, where he studied Ethiopian literature, and made a collection of Gieiz manuscripts, which, with subsequent additions, now amounts to two hundred volumes, and is one of the most valuable of the kind. Antoine passed the whole year 1842 in philological studies, and in occasional excursions to the Christian parts of Abyssinia. At the beginning of the following year he visited the famous temples at Lalibala, which are cut out of the solid rock, in imitation, as regards appearance and proportion, of those of Greece. This journey, although not long, was very painful, and compelled the traveller to return to Gondar for repose. He passed some time in studying the sacred language of the Abyssinians. In February, 1843, he left for Gojjam, with a caravan of Mussulmans. They swam across the Abay, and on reaching the high plain of the Gudru, had to pass two months encamped to await the settlement of negotiations for deciding what customs duties they were to pay. In June they crossed the route of Nonnu. The route led to a table land, which after a while declined rapidly towards the Gibe. There is there a chain of mountains, of which the highest is about 3000 yards. After passing the Gibe, they went to the Wirgesa, by the waters of which they were long detained. They then passed through a long desert, and arrived at the frontier of Inaria. There they had a specimen of the African police system: near a barrier, protected by a ditch and a stream, an armed warrior stood, counting every one of the caravan who entered—the object in so doing being to ascertain that all who entered the kingdom left it. On the 26th July, M. Antoine had the honour of being received in audience by the king Ibsa, *alias* Abba-Boggibo. This Boggibo, it seems, felt a mortal distrust of the white-skinned traveller, and so refused to allow him to leave his dominions. But after three months' detention, an Embassy from Kaffa caused the traveller to be released.

M. d'Abbadie, during his stay in that distant country, which forms a peninsula surrounded by the waters of the Gojab and the Ulma, ascertained that the primitive populations, though now driven back by the Gallas, were formerly in communication with Abyssinia, still consider themselves Christian, and are anxious to obtain priests. Our traveller was taken for a priest, and the king of Kaffa wanted him to remain with him, as one of the marriage presents he was to receive on the wedding of his sister with the king of Inaria. The Kaffa country has rich forests and magnificent vegetation. It contains no villages, but each hut is surrounded with a field, and buried in trees. The inhabitants live principally on a root, which they say has never failed even in times of the greatest scarcity, and the little corn they cultivate is employed in making beer. Having abundance of all that is necessary, they are idle and careless of the future. Ivory is their principal export, and they receive in exchange beads and such-like things.

Meanwhile M. Arnaud d'Abbadie had remained

with the Dejateh-Gochon, and had suffered many hardships. The army of this potentate had been decimated by continual combats, by hunger, by the crocodiles, and by all the disasters of a retreat. He was at last captured by Ras-Ali, and this prince summoned the traveller to join him at Bagemidir. There M. d'Abbadie, after a while, was released from the captivity in which he had been kept.

We now arrive at the most interesting portion of the narrative, and I cannot do better than translate literally what M. Antoine d'Abbadie himself says:—"Intelligence at this period reached us from Europe of the orders of Mohammed Ali to trace the superior course of the White River. These new indications, which went up to the 4<sup>th</sup> latitude, joined to valuable information obtained from the natives, confirmed me more than ever in the belief that the source of the White River, or true Nile, must be near the countries I had quitted. My brother and I accordingly resolved to visit them anew, in order to exhaust, if possible, this great question. We left Gondar at the commencement of January, 1844, and rejoined the army of Ras-Ali near Quarata. We took advantage of its march to reach the Gojjam. Immediately after Easter, I once again crossed the Abay. Arrived at Gudru, I obtained from Abba-Boggibo the promise that he would not again embarrass my movements. I left on the 5th of July, and ten days later reached the barrier of Inaria. My brother was to have followed me at no great distance, but two English travellers had closed the route to all white men by shooting Galluch Wanta, and another chief of the tribe of Jinuma—a circumstance which caused the tribe to vow that they would massacre the first white traveller who might present himself. My brother had to make a long circuit, to enter into lengthy negotiations, and to incur unexampled dangers to continue his route; but on the 15th December, 1845, he arrived at Inaria.

"I had employed all my time up to that period in studying, from the information I received, the different partial basins which take part in the formation of the White River, or the true Nile, and I arrived at the conclusion that the principal source of this river was in the forest of Babia, on the southern frontier of Inaria. The ancient belief in river gods exists in all its force among the Gallas. We announced the intention of offering a sacrifice to the venerated source; and religion, that great influencing cause of human actions, beat down at last the scruples and delays of Abba-Boggibo. He permitted us to go to the spot, and on the 19th January, 1846, my brother and I planted the tricolor flag on this source so long sought after! The future will decide if we have well chosen its place among the network of rivers which meander through this part of Africa."

It will be observed from the last sentence that it is not quite certain after all that the brothers d'Abbadie have really succeeded in reaching the source of the Nile, the discovery of which has excited the ambition of so many men, and cost so many valuable lives. But whether their source be the true one or not, it is impossible not to admire the patient endurance, undaunted courage, and unshrinking perseverance, which they displayed during the many years they passed under the burning sun of Africa, and amongst savage tribes, some of which had rarely, others never, seen the face of a white man. For such heroic travellers as these, how paltry seems the recompense of the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour—a distinction which has become no distinction at all from the scandalous manner in which it is prostituted for party and personal objects. But after all, what need have the Messrs. d'Abbadie of any recompense? Their reward is in their own enthusiastic devotedness to science, and in the admiration of contemporaries.

### NOTES FROM ABROAD.

*Antiquity of Lithography.*—Dr. Traill, in a dissertation upon an ancient Peruvian musical

instrument, like the *Syrinx of Pan*, [*Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*], states the following fact, which, if authenticated, is a most remarkable illustration of the Proverb, "There is nothing new under the sun." Our countryman, Dr. Gerard, he says, has been for some time in Thibet, (endeavouring to spread the blessing of vaccination), and has discovered, in the language of that country, an *Encyclopædia* in forty-four volumes, of which the medical part alone fills five volumes; and he finds that the *Art of Lithography*, so new in Europe, has been practised from time immemorial in Kinnaour, a principal city in Thibet, where he found it employed to display the anatomy of the human body!

The *Kingston Daily Advertiser* notices an extraordinary case of longevity. A coloured woman, named Moss, died in Kingston, on the 1st of September, at the extraordinary age of 150 years. She was until within a short time of her dissolution in the enjoyment of all her faculties, and had not known a day's sickness during the last forty years of her existence.

The *French Academy*, at the sitting of Thursday, proceeded to appoint new officers, when M. Guizot was elected director, and M. Pongerville, chancellor.

### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

#### THE EISTEDDVOD.

THE Eisteddvod concluded on Saturday instead of Friday, the "last day" to several being nearly anticipated instead of postponed, by the fall of the platform. The *Messiah* was given; but the leading and peculiar feature of the meeting was the conferring of Bardic Degrees, called the *Gorsedd Gwynedd*. This ceremony was performed in the Castle Yard, and was commenced at 10 A.M. in the usual manner, by the sound of trumpets, to assemble the actors and spectators. The *Times* report states that—"The twelve stones representing the months, with a large stone in the centre to signify the *Gorsedd*, or throne of the Arch-druid, were arranged, as was the sacred circle of old, with a large entrance facing due south. None were permitted to approach the sacred circle but the Arch-druid, Druids, and their officers. The bards and odates, at the invitation of the heads of the ceremony, then appeared in order, bareheaded, as they were respectively to be installed in the various grades of distinction conferred upon them. The sword, which had been placed on the altar, was unsheathed by the assistant-bard, and the presiding bard pointed it to his own breast—a type of his resolution to injure no one, and never to use it except in case of absolute necessity. The nature of the ceremony having been expounded by the Arch-druid of Gwynedd in Welsh and English, the bards and odates were called upon to enter his circle, and take part in the installation of such persons as were found competent to graduate as bards. Those who responded to the summons were obliged to make their acknowledgments in verse. Others were summoned to take rank as druids, which was only eligible to the ministers of religion, the office of druidism being purely spiritual. There were several initiated. In response to the summons to take grade as odates, Gwyllim Arfon (William of Carnarvon—William Powis Smith) came forward and claimed his right to that distinction in Gwynedd (a particular division in North Wales) as the editor-in-chief of a journal which devotes great consideration to the preservation and encouragement of Welsh literature. This gentleman's claim was at once admitted by the Arch-druid, who expressed his sense of the services performed, and he was forthwith invested with the green riband (the insignia of odatship) in addition to the blue riband (the sign of bardism), which had already been conferred upon him at a previous Eisteddvod. Gwyllim Arfon replied in an appropriate address, which was received with loud cheers by the surrounding bards, and his address

was placed upon record by order of the Arch-druid."

Speeches were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Hicks Owen and Talhaiarn, the former in honour of the Welsh language, and the latter in defence of the contractor who erected the (fallen) gallery. The business of the meeting then went on, and the musical prizes were contested by the harpers. Viscount Feilding's harp (value 10*l.*) for the best performance of the Welsh air, "Morfa Rhuddlan," with variations, on the triple harp, was awarded to Henry Green. The gold harp brooch, for the best female performer on the triple harp, was conferred unanimously upon Miss Mary Anne Brewer; but the judges, in announcing their decision, recommended the revision of her composition by some competent musician, before confiding it to the hands of the engraver, since it was by no means perfect. To John H. Jones a premium of 3*l.* was awarded, as the best performer on the triple harp among the unsuccessful candidates. Some more *pennillion* singing then commenced, which resulted in the prizes being awarded—first, to John Jones, of Dolgelley; second, to Joseph Williams, of Bagot; third, to Abraham Evans, of Liverpool. The themes upon which the *pennillion*-singers introduced their *pennillions* were the Welsh airs, "Merch Megan" ("Margaret's Daughter"), and "Serch Hodabod" ("The Allurement of Love"), which were performed with changes and variations upon the harp by Mr. Ellis Roberts, at which, says the *Times*, even the Welsh part of the audience could not, in many instances, refrain from laughter. Talhaiarn unexpectedly interrupted the proceedings by an improvised *pennillion* of his own—a tribute to the youthful Prince of Wales—which was welcomed with unanimous applause. Talhaiarn certainly does not shine as a singer. He has no voice, and no ear for rhythm; but his earnestness of manner, and his ready talent at impromptu, carried everything before him, and he obtained more applause than all the professed *pennillion*-singers together. After the *pennillion*, Richard Roberts, the blind harper, played the old melody, "Glan medd'dwd mwy"—which signifies "pleasantly inebriated"—on the Welsh harp, and was much applauded. Mr. Roberts may be considered the best representative of the ancient glory of the Welsh minstrels. The glee-singers then contended. Four gentlemen from Liverpool obtained the prize for "the best set of Welsh singers in parts" (5*l.*), and that for "the best glee-singers" (3*l.*), against three gentlemen from St. Asaph. The glees were T. Cooke's "Strike the lyre," Calcott's "Peace to the heroes," and "Seek for comfort."

The number of prizes to be awarded at the Eisteddvod, according to the printed list, amounted to fifty-seven. Some of these were uncontested, but only a very few. They are divided into five classes—poetry, essays, music, education, arts and manufactures.

### BIOGRAPHY.

THE Obituary of the past week is saddened by several names, long connected with and endeared to literature and literary men.

Thomas Amyot, Esq., so long the Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries, and whose life, extended to the age of seventy-six, was passed in close intercourse with the literary and antiquarian circles of the metropolis, participating in their pursuits and aiding their exertions, died on Saturday last, the 28th September, at his residence in James-street, Buckingham Gate. Mr. Amyot was an active and respected member of almost every association which had for its object the advancement of literature. Besides F.R.S. and F.S.A., he belonged to the Camden, the Shakspeare, the Percy, and other similar Institutions; was generally upon their councils or committees, and took a prominent part in their transactions. In his manners he was amiable, conciliatory, and gentlemanly; in his acquirements widely informed, intelligent, and

accomplished. His judgment was sound, and his opinions ever listened to with attention and deference. During the last few years of his life, both physical and mental powers had yielded gradually to the effect of years; till at last it could only be regretted, as a natural consequence, that he sunk into the grave, esteemed by all who knew him, and left a memory to be cherished by the lovers of intellectual cultivation, conjoined with the best qualities which can adorn individual man.

Chandos, Lord Leigh, died at Bonn on the Rhine, on the 27th ult., in his sixtieth year, after a few days' severe illness, though previously weakened by prolonged indisposition. His lordship was the author of graceful and eloquent poetry, of which volumes have been published several times, as new additions and the popular voice suggested their appearance. To these, and to other literary merits of his lordship, the *Literary Gazette* has always done justice. It is now called upon to bear witness to the fine tastes of Lord Leigh for everything connected with the refinement of mankind; his love of the arts, his warm enjoyment of literature, and his gentle and social habits in perfect harmony with the rest. Stoneleigh Abbey and its magnificent Park formed indeed a fitting "Retreat for the Muses," and every thing around breathed of their presence. Antiquities, sculpture, paintings, relics of Shakspeare, and remembrances of Byron and his earlier companions, were among the delights of this interesting spot, and the near vicinity of the seat of the Lucy's added a congenial though extraneous attraction to the classic ground. Like the gentleman whose brief memoir precedes this notice, Lord Leigh was highly accomplished and most gentlemanly and pleasant in the intercourse of cultivated life.

The Rev. Richard Garnett, M.A., Assistant Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum, died also on the 27th ult. Whilst the Press is ringing with complaints against the dead walls ordered, it seems, to be erected in front of the residences of his higher official colleagues, to protect them from the public approach and profane gaze, he is removed to the last resting-house not built with hands or guarded with walls, and whose inmate heeds not the tread of the passer by, nor the curiosity of the intruder. He was able for his duties, and much respected in his office. Aged sixty two.

William Barraud.—We observe also the death, on the 1st instant, of William Barraud, at 73, Park-street, an artist whose contributions have for many years adorned our exhibitions, and whose works, even within the last few months, have been subjects of our cordial praise.

Doctor Medicus, Professor of Botany, Dean of the University, and Member of the Academy of Sciences, died last week at Munich (Bavaria), at the age of seventy-nine years.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### PASSING THOUGHTS.

Ah, time seems not the same time  
It was when we were young—  
When it call'd us to the moonlight,  
With music, mirth, and song;—  
Ah, time is not the same time  
With many a home we know;  
And in the quiet churchyard  
There's many a friend lies low!  
Ah, time is not the same time  
It was in days of yore;  
Then children smiled around us  
That smile for us no more!—  
But they're in heaven,—and angels,  
That we, love, may not see,  
Are looking down from paradise,  
And blessing thee and me!  
And when the day shall rise, love,  
And it may not be far,  
Our children from the skies, love,  
Shall come to where we are;  
They'll be the first to meet us,  
And lift us from the sod;  
Their hands be first to greet us,  
And lead us to our God!

CHARLES SWAN.

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## LETTERS OF LAURA D'AUVERNE TO BERTHA.

LETTER FIFTH.—MAY 17TH.

In the gray receding distance town and tower, like visions, swept—  
O'er that mighty mass of beings shadow after shadow crept;  
And a shadow wrapp'd my spirit darker than the dawn e'er wore,  
As abandon'd and unfriended, thus I left my native shore.

Strange, my Bertha, how affection lingers where young footsteps go,  
Strange how slight a thing may fasten on the heart, and we not know;  
Scotland was my mother's birth-land; and, as came the hour to part,  
That dear name I'd heard in childhood came the first thing to my heart.

Not that I knew friend or kindred, or a rood of its bright land,  
Yet, although a stranger to me, it held forth no stranger's hand:  
'Twas the name my mother's accents centred in her child's young breast—  
And that child, in her first sorrow, look'd unto its shores for rest!

See me then a wanderer, Bertha, hopeless in my great despair;  
I—from earliest recollection—cherish'd with too fond a care:  
See me tread that shore romantic—glowing 'mid poetic grace—  
With a vision, sorrow blinded, turning to its beauteous face.

Close behind the village post-house, where the coach stopp'd for the night,  
Flowed a broad and rapid torrent, leaping down from height to height;  
Full of music rolled its waters, like a psalm of endless praise,  
Unto Him who guides for ever the eternity of days!

Slowly on, by mount and valley, followed I its downward sweep—  
Till at last its organ-grandeur, stop by stop, was hushed to sleep;  
'Twas an evening such as seraphs might have chosen to appear,  
Half mistaking Nature's beauty for their own transcendent sphere.

Out the book I brought to cheer me, page from page I listless tore,  
Watching still the sloping waters as the scatter'd leaves they bore:  
And I thought—oh, blessed Heaven—if 'twere but the same to thee—  
Would my page of life thus ending—thus forgotten—*here might be!*

And my soul with woe grew darken'd;—guideless, wilder'd in its way;—  
God it thought would sure forgive it;—wherefore then its *peace* delay?  
Oh so easily the paper floated, eddied, sank, and died;  
That it seem'd no common effort to resist its wish'd-for tide!

Then methought of the *HEREAFTER!*—if this sin were *not* forgiven,  
Would there be some spirit-kingdom, mid-way yet 'tween earth and heaven?  
Some bright region wherein Mercy, comforting, consoling, trod;  
Where the air was full of angels winging *ransom'd* souls to God?

Oh, *to know!* but, but *to know it!* oh, to grasp that hope sublime!  
Tell me, thou proud Sun, whose march is o'er the triumphs of all time;  
Answer thou, who call'st the Nations from their utter night of gloom,  
Tell me what lies stretch'd beyond thee?—what is Death!—and what the Tomb?

Of that sphere of unknown being—of that vast mysterious shore,  
Unto which ten thousand ages travel and are seen no more—  
Of the multitudes who've parted—of the myriad loved who've gone,  
Is there, from that shore of silence, none to speak?—not one? *not one!*

Will it be *Forgiven!* TELL ME! Will the angels intercede  
For a spirit thus afflicted—cast, abandon'd, like a weed?  
Will a tear be dropp'd in pity, washing out this act of shame?  
Will the holy hand of Mercy write *forgiveness* to my name?

Thus I raved—thus hoped—my reason wander'd wildly in its woe,  
Long—how long I stood inactive—moments? hours?—I do not know.  
But at last my ears were ringing with a dizzy, hissing din;—  
And my soul seem'd sinking—sinking—lower, lower—in its sin!

Oh, the suffocating horror—dragging me as with a chain—  
Oh, those dizzy dreadful waters—shrieking, screaming through my brain;—  
Muffled echoes—dim and drowning—heard I, choking 'mid the strife,  
But the grasp of Death grew fainter—and a dream came over life!

## MUSIC.

*Her Majesty's Theatre.—Grand National Concerts.*  
—The purposed establishment of Promenade Concerts at the above theatre has lately created much excitement in musical circles, and the announcement of their speedy commencement has served to heighten it. Besides Jullien's, there was no place of amusement where musical works were performed in a manner adequate to their composers' merit, and yet no persons were found bold enough to undertake the enterprize of creating one. At length certain noblemen and gentlemen, perceiving the requirement, and influenced by liberal intentions, formed themselves into a committee, and proceeded so successfully, that our advertising columns announce the opening night to be that of Tuesday week. All available talent, however difficult to be obtained, or however

expensive, has been secured\* by the spirited direction; and we augur with firm conviction that these concerts will surpass anything which has as yet been attempted in our metropolis. New works by native and foreign composers are in preparation; the best instrumentalists of every nation have been engaged, and the whole musical arrangements have been placed in Balfe's able hands. When we reflect that all these advantages, such as have never been enjoyed by the most luxurious of *dilettanti*, will be granted to the lower classes for one shilling and sixpence to the promenade, or one shilling to the gallery, we become aware of the boon which is bestowed upon the public. The alterations in the theatre have been material; it has been entirely re-decorated, and everything to promote the public comfort has been accomplished under the superintendence of the Committee. The grand concert

room has been converted into a spacious *café*. In such an establishment, and with such an *ensemble*, the triumph of the Grand National Concerts must be complete.

*Mr. Lumley.*—Some of our contemporaries have announced that Mr. Lumley has been appointed to the directorship of the Italian Theatre at Paris. From what our Paris correspondent, however, writing on Thursday morning, says, we are inclined to think this premature. But it is only premature. If Mr. Lumley be not at this moment formally in possession of the privilege of the Théâtre Italien, he soon will be. Poor Ronconi is to be got rid of some how; and perhaps it is best for his own sake that he should, as he has not got the capital or the influence necessary for so great an undertaking. Still he clings to the privilege with leech-like pertinacity; and cries out lustily against the injustice of being deprived of it after his heavy losses of last season, and after the engagements into which he has entered with *artistes* for the coming season. An attempt has, we see, been made by some bankers, holding, as they say, bills of his for upwards of 2000*l.*, to make him a bankrupt; but after hearing the facts of the case, judgment was given by the court in his favour. At Paris, it appears, a certain degree of sympathy is felt for the worthy fellow. But the influence brought to bear against him is very formidable; and as his rival could present a much superior *troupe*—perhaps even Sontag herself—the great majority of the fashionable world and the musical public would, from sheer selfishness, rejoice to see the management of the Theatre pass into Mr. Lumley's hands.

The *Académie Royale*, fearing the terrible competition which Mr. Lumley would bring into play against it, is talking of producing Meyerbeer's *Africaine* this season. But it is not likely that it will be able to do so, as it has an opera of Auber's and Halévy's *Tempesta* already on the stocks. Besides, the *Prophète* cannot yet be laid on the shelf; and Meyerbeer is the last man in the world to have one of his great works pitted against another. This distinguished composer has arrived in Paris for the winter.

Some sensation has been created in the musical circles at Paris, by the refusal of the government to allow Duprez, the eminent ex-tenor of the Opera, to open a theatre for public performances of the pupils of the singing-school he has founded. It is feared that such an institution in his hands would be injurious to the two great musical theatres.

## THE DRAMA.

*Princess's Theatre.*—This theatre opened for the season under the management of Messrs. Kean and Keeley on Saturday last. The number and character of the audience that assembled on the occasion must have been gratifying to the new lessees, as a proof of the estimation they are held in by the public, and as an indication of a yet remaining taste for the class of performances to which the theatre is to be devoted, and of confidence in the new direction. The audience part of the house has not been entirely re-decorated, but has been thoroughly cleaned, and several improvements in detail of colour effected, that give an air of greater lightness than was the case under the old *régime* of dirt and heaviness. A commodious box, pointed out by the royal arms in front, has been appropriated to her Majesty, and by an alteration in the position of the stage-door, a private entrance secured to it from the street at the back of the theatre. The performances selected for the opening night were *Twelfth Night*, a new farce by Mr. Bernard, called *Platonic Attachments*, and a *divertissement*, arranged by Mr. Flexmore, the clever *buffo* and popular clown. These, followed by the production of *Hamlet* on Monday night, afforded a very fair specimen of the general character of the perfor-



manances to be expected, and exhibited advantageously the average strength of the company engaged. This, without being very strong in great stars, of which, however, it has a good infusion, shows efficiency and the power of working together satisfactorily. Among the well-known names are found, of course, the lessees with their clever wives, Messrs. Harley, Meadows, and Wigan, for comedy, Messrs. Ryder, Fisher, and J. Vining, for general business, with Miss Phillips for the heavier characters in tragedy; while among names new, or nearly so, to London playgoers, are Miss Mary Keeley, Mr. Addison, who bids fair to be, if he takes pains, a good representative of old men, Mr. Belton, a promising *jeune premier*, with several others. The weakness of the company appears to be, as yet, in a deficiency of ladies to play secondary parts. The cast of both plays differed little from what we have been accustomed to; but in the getting up of the pieces, and in an attempt, which proved thoroughly successful, to produce a unity of effect in the performance, there had evidently been great pains taken. We must particularly direct attention to the *mise-en-scène* of *Hamlet*, which was near perfection; the costumes were correct and in good taste, and the scenery, under the direction of Mr. Grieve, very cleverly painted, and thoroughly characteristic and architecturally correct, being from beginning to end in the style called *romanesque*, or early Norman, while truth and art in effect were not in the least sacrificed. The arrangement of the ghost scenes was admirable; by a judicious management of the lights, an indistinctness was produced, that gave greater supernatural effect than we have ever seen. We notice these things especially, without any intention to slur over the more intellectual features of the performance, but because as a close attention to them does not in any way tend to the gratification of personal vanity, they are apt to be neglected, while they are essential to the production of perfect dramatic effects, and indeed their absence is always felt by the more or less cultivated eye of the public in the present day; and attention to them is a forcible proof of taste and judgment in the managers. The new farce, cleverly played by Messrs. Keeley and Wigan, and Mrs. Keeley, has little to do with the name, and is not particularly striking for novelty, either of character or situation, but having completely succeeded in making the audience laugh, must be chronicled as successful. The fun arises from the embarrassment of a philandering husband being detected by an old companion of rattling habits in a flirtation with a young lady, who turns out to be his wife's intimate friend—a lent umbrella being the *deus ex machina* of the plot. The *ballet* is very prettily conceived, and is not only ably sustained by its clever inventor, Mr. Flexmore, but has also the assistance of his accomplished wife, Mdle. Auriol, and introduces a lively and agreeable *dansuse* in the person of Miss Leclercq. On the whole, the aspect of the season is satisfactory, and we bid fair to have a theatre managed with consistency and judgment—the direction giving both to artists and the public that confidence which the position and character of those who have assumed it thoroughly entitle them to receive. We are glad to notice an absence of “puffs” in the playbills.

**Adelphi.**—The company of this theatre returned to their legitimate home on Wednesday evening, but there was no change in the performances or company to call for notice.

**Surrey.**—The “opera season” here having concluded, the regular dramatic performances were resumed on Monday evening with the representation of *Macbeth*, that character being played by Mr. Creswick. The only change of importance in the company appears to be the engagement of that clever actress, Miss Cooper, in the place of Mdme. Ponisi. The tragedy was produced with the care that has lately marked Shaksperian representations here.

## VARIETIES.

**The Coronation Stone at Kingston** was inaugurated as proposed on Thursday week, and a festive holiday enjoyed on the occasion. The corporation have chosen seven Saxon kings to be commemorated as having been crowned on this stone, viz.:—Athelstane, A.D. 924; Edward, A.D. 940; Edred, A.D. 946; Edgar, A.D. 959; Edward II., A.D. 975; Ethelred II., A.D. 979; and Edmund II., A.D. 1016; and Mr. Martin Tupper produced some glowing lines on the occasion.

**Polyglot Newspapers** may in due time be expected, as the *Morning Chronicle* is about to begin all the news relative to the Exhibition of 1851, in three languages—viz., English, French, and German. Some rival will probably add Italian and Spanish; and then, as the competition grows hot, we shall have Russian, Arabian, Persian, Kambian, Hindostanee, Sanskrit, West Indian Mumbo-jumbo, or Negro dialect, and finally American, or Yankee.

**A Mauritius Paper** mentions the occurrence of an earthquake at Tirhoot about two o'clock in the morning of the 10th July. “The night was quite clear, stars shining; the noise appeared to come from the north or north-east.” The morning subsequently was very foggy.

**The Protection of Women.**—The blood of Douglas, it seems, in the female sex, cannot protect itself, and so some compassionate body has offered 100 guineas for the best essay on the laws respecting their protection; and the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Page Wood, and Mr. Roundell Palmer have accepted the office of umpires.

**The Directors of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts** are preparing to celebrate their 150th Anniversary, being founded by a Charter of William III., 1700.

**Balloon Excursions** for the benefit of Lieutenant Gale's family have failed, as they ought to do, in France and England, and wherever common sense and good feelings exist. Catastrophes like his ought not to be jobbed.

**The London Corporation Library.**—A motion in the Common Council to make this a lending library has been negatived by a large majority. In the course of the debate it was stated that the library contained 20,000 volumes.

**The New Planet Victoria**, discovered by Mr. Hind, has had its proposed name and laurel symbol accepted by the astronomers of England, Prussia, and Denmark. Its period of revolution, Mr. Hind states, will probably be nearly the same as that of Iris, perhaps a little longer.

**Arrival of Antiquities from Nineveh.**—The *Apprentice*, Captain John Harly, has arrived in the St. Katherine Docks, from Bussorah, having on board a great quantity of Assyrian and other antiquities, consigned to the trustees of the British Museum. Among them are the great bull from Nineveh, repeatedly noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, weighing twelve tons, and a lion weighing nine tons. There are also several coffins, containing many curious relics of the manners and usages of Eastern countries regarding the ceremonies observed in burying their dead. This vessel was chartered by the British Museum, and these antiquities were shipped in April last at Bussorah, and great care has been taken by Captain Hardy to bring them home perfect and entire. The *Apprentice* was off the Cape of Good Hope during the late severe gales, when so many vessels were lost or sustained severe damage, but she providentially escaped injury, and has safely arrived with her valuable and interesting freight.

**Dr. Hincks**, our learned Egyptian and Assyrian antiquary and correspondent, is mentioned in the Irish journals as likely to follow to the vacant bishopric of Meath, or succeed Dr. Knox, should that revd. prelate be transplanted to Meath.

**Curious Anecdote in Natural History.**—A favorite Magpie had been accustomed to receive dainty bits from the mouth of its mistress. The other day it perched, as usual, on her shoulder, and inserted its beak between her lips, not as it proved to receive, but to give or hide, for as one good turn deserves another, the grateful bird dropped an immense green, fat caterpillar into the lady's mouth!

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We hope the appearance of Messrs. Longmans' October list of novelties indicates the re-animation of the dead season. At all events there are several stirring announcements, such as *Foreign Reminiscences*, by Lord Holland; *Memoirs of the Duke of Urbino*; the long-promised beautifully illustrated edition of Alaric Watts's *Poems*; the *Poetical Works of Joanna Baillie*, complete; the third volume of Humboldt's *Cosmos*; *Winged Thoughts*, with illustrations by Owen Jones, in the same style as, and uniform with, the exquisite *Flowers and Fruits* of preceding Christmases, &c.

Mr. Murray has in progress, but not yet announced, a *Memoir of Stothard*, our delightful painter, with illustration engraved from his own pencil. We look for a great treat, in which the artist of the *Canterbury Pilgrims* will receive the meed so long his due.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Crowe's (Mrs.) *Light in Darkness*, 3 vols. post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.  
Ewhank's (W. W.) *Commentary on Romans*, Vol. 1, 8vo, cloth, 5s. 6d.  
Hall's *Elements of Algebra*, third edition, 12mo, 5s.  
Hertslett's (C. J. B.) *Law of Masters and Servants*, 12mo, boards, 7s. 6d.  
Husenbeth's (Rev. F. C.) *Emblems of Saints*, price 5s.  
Life of a Vagrant, sewed, 1s.  
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Scenes of Civil War in Hungary, new edition, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.  
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Stanley's *Plates of Bones*, 4to, cloth, increased to £3 3s.  
Thelwall's (Rev. A. S.) *Exercises on Elocution*, 8vo, cloth, 5s. 6d.  
Williams's (D.) *Science*, 16mo, cloth, 2s.  
Wilson's (Rev. W.) *Bible Student's Guide*, 4to, cloth, £2 2s.  
Woodman's (Rev. W.) *Baptism; its True Nature*, 8vo, cloth, 2s.

### DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1850.	h. m. s.	1850.	h. m. s.
Oct. 5 . . .	11 48 29.3	Oct. 9 . . .	11 47 22.1
6 . . .	48 12.3	10 . . .	47 6.3
7 . . .	47 55.1	11 . . .	46 50.8
8 . . .	47 38.4		

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*. To a considerable number of correspondents we have to explain and apologize. In the autumn, even Editors of Journals are supposed to leave London; and, in fact, Science and Archaeology did remove us from our desks for awhile. Thanks to railroads and to Lord Clanricarde's excellent administration of the Post Office, the Gods, now-a-days, do really so nearly annihilate time and space, that to be a few hundred miles from London is to be, as it were, at Richmond. Nevertheless, it has so happened that the addresses “Post Office,” so and so, and “To be left till called for,” &c., have been, in a few instances, overlooked; and if any public or private correspondent feels cause of complaint, we can only say that the *Dead Letter Office* has made us uncomfortable within the last week by a few Returns.

To “A Provincial Archaeologist,” we have to state that we refrain for the present from entering into the subject of arrangements between the Archaeological Association and Institute, as, beside the advertisements which appear in our columns, there is, we understand, a correspondence carrying on between the Marquis of Northampton and Mr. Heywood, which does not exactly coincide with the published matter.

The *Patent Journal* took our article on the Electric Indicator *verbatim* without acknowledgment.

**Erratum.**—In last No., review of the published music of the season, p. 714, col. 3, the account of Mrs. Mackinlay's productions was confused through error in the punctuation. The sentence read—“Of Mrs. Mackinlay's other compositions, all more or less worthy of admiration, the annexed is a summary written and composed by her.” The passage should have been—“The annexed is a summary,” and then the heading, “Written and composed by her,” followed by the list of three pieces so written and composed; the sequel having the composers' names appended to the *Brownie's Quadrilles*, p. 715, col. 1, when Messrs. D'Almaine's publications end, and Mr. Ransford's begin. The phrase “suggestive” in the first notice escaped us.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.**—**GEOLOGICAL MINERALOGY.**—Professor TENNANT, F.G.S., will commence on Wednesday, October 5th, at nine o'clock, a.m., A COURSE OF LECTURES on MINERALOGY, with a view to facilitate the Study of GEOLOGY, and of the Application of Mineral Substances in the ARTS. The Lectures will be illustrated by an Extensive Collection of Specimens. Further particulars may be obtained at the Secretary's Office. R. W. JELF, D.D., *Principal*.

## BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

**AT A MEETING of the COUNCIL** held WEDNESDAY, October 2nd, T. J. PETTIGREW, F.R.S., F.S.A., V.P., in the Chair, it was unanimously resolved,—  
That the Council having, in accordance with a Resolution passed at the late Congress, held at Manchester, August 24, made overtures to the Archeological Institute, in reference to a union between the two bodies, as being advantageous for the promotion of Archeological Researches, regret to Resolution of September 23rd, deem it inexpedient to take any steps calculated to promote so desirable an object. That, as it appears by a letter from the President of the Institute, erroneous opinions are entertained with regard to the position and intentions of the Association, a Letter, explanatory of the circumstances, be addressed to the Marquis of Northampton, and that the same be printed, together with the proceedings, in the forthcoming number of the Journal, for the information of the Members of the Association and of the Institute.

J. R. PLANCHE, } *Hon.*  
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October 3, 1850.

**DECORATIVE PAINTING.**—Mr. FREDERICK SANG, from the ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Decorative Artist in Fresco, and all other manners of Painting, whose works may be seen in the principal Public Buildings of the Metropolis, begs to inform his Patrons, and Architects in particular, that he has considerably increased his Establishment, and is now enabled to undertake, on the shortest notice, the Embellishment of Private and Public Buildings, in any part of the United Kingdom, on the most reasonable Terms, and in any of the CLASSICAL, MEDIEVAL, or MODERN STYLES.

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**EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.**—EXCURSIONS TO CAMBRIDGE AND BACK.—On each SUNDAY, during October, a SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Bishopgate Station at 8.15 A.M., and return at 6 P.M. Fares to Cambridge and back—first class, 8s.; second class, 6s.; third class, 4s.

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C. P. RONEY, *Secretary.*

Bishopgate Station, October 1, 1850.

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An annual subscription of £1 is, constitutes an Annual Governor; £5 5s. a Governor for 10 years; £10 10s. a Life Governor, each entitled to recommend two out patients and one in patient annually.

By order,

GEORGE KEMP, M.A., *Chaplain & Hon. Sec.*  
B. MASKELL, *Secretary.*

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

The Executive Committee, Directors, and Managers of "The Grand National Concerts" have the honour to announce that the First Series will commence on Tuesday, the 15th of October next.

The Committee have the utmost pride and satisfaction in announcing that, by the gracious permission of His Majesty the King of Prussia, they have been enabled to secure the entire Chorus of the Berlin Chapel Royal, consisting of fifty male voices, under the direction of Herr Kapelmeister Neidhardt. The extraordinary perfection of this Chorus is well known by reputation to every Artist and Amateur in Europe, but the opportunity of hearing them in any town or country except their own has never hitherto been afforded. During their engagement, several pieces entirely new to this country, and composed expressly for the Royal Chapel by Mendelssohn, Neidhardt, &c., will be performed, in addition to selections from the Choral Works of Bach, Handel, Marcello, together with the celebrated "Battle Chorus," which has created so extraordinary a sensation in Germany. An extra Chorus for English Music has been selected with the greatest care from the principal Lyrical establishments, and will be under the direction of Herr Ganz, Chorus Master of Her Majesty's Theatre. The arrangement of the Operatic Selections, &c., will be confided to Sign. Negri.

The Concerts will commence at Eight, and terminate usually about Eleven. The Theatre has been entirely re-decorated for these entertainments.

In addition to the following list, numerous engagements are pending with other Vocal and Instrumental Artists, particulars of which will be announced as soon as possible.

## VOCALISTS.

MADMOISELLE ANGRÏ; MISS POOLE; MISS MESSENT;  
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MADAME BISCIACCIANTI, (the celebrated Prima Donna from Milan, who will make her first appearance in England.)

SIGNOR CALZOLARI; M. JULES LEFORT;  
M. JULES STOCKHAUSEN; MR. FRANK BODDA;  
and  
MR. SIMS REEVES.

## INSTRUMENTAL SOLO PERFORMERS.

**GRAND PIANOFORTE.**—MISS GODDARD, (pupil of M. Thalberg, who will make her first appearance in public); M. CHARLES HALE, (who will perform Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, with full orchestral accompaniments, on the opening night, and a different Concerto on each evening of his engagement); MASTER HEINRICH WERNER, (whose performance at Buckingham Palace before her Gracious Majesty and Prince Albert, and at the professional Matinées, has been the marvel of the whole musical world); and M. THALBERG, (who will introduce several new morceaux written expressly for these Concerts).

**VIOLIN.**—MM. MOLIQUE; HENRY BLAGROVE; HENRY COOPER; and M. SAINTOX, (Solo Violinist to her Majesty); an engagement is also pending with the renowned artiste, SIGNOR SIVORI, who is on his way to England from the Havannah.

TENOR.—MR. HILL.

**VIOLONCELLO.**—MM. PIATTI; HAUSMANN; HANCOCK; and ROUSSELOT.

**DOUBLE BASS.**—MM. ANGLAIS; ROWLAND; and HERR MULLER, (the celebrated Contrabassist from Darmstadt, who will make his first appearance in this country.)

HARP.—MR. AP THOMAS and MR. H. TRUST.

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OBOE.—MM. BARRETT and NICHOLSON.

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BASSOON.—M. BAUMANN.

HORN.—M. STEGLICH.

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**SECOND VIOLINS.**—Willy (Principal), R.I.O.; W. Blagrove, R.I.O.; Barnett, H.M.T.; Hall, H.M.T.; Hennen, H.M.T.; Jay, R.I.O.; Kelly, R.I.O.; J. Loder, R.I.O.; Marshall, R.I.O.; Ridgway, H.M.T.; Ridgway (2), H.M.T.; Schmidt, H.M.T.; Tallance, H.M.T.; Thirlwall, (2), H.M.T.; Villain, H.M.T.; Watson, R.I.O.

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**VIOLONCELLOS.**—Piatti (Principal), H.M.T.; Gardner, H.M.T.; Goodban, R.I.O.; Guest, R.I.O.; Hancock, R.I.O.; Hausmann, R.I.O.; W. Loder, R.I.O.; Lovell Phillips, R.I.O.; Rousselet, Bethoven Quartett Society; Thorley, T.R. Manchester.

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5000	1 year	112 10 0	112 10 0	5112 10 0
1000	12 years	100 0 0	157 10 0	1257 10 0
1000	7 years	.. ..	157 10 0	1157 10 0
1000	1 year	.. ..	22 10 0	1022 10 0
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CONTENTS:—Progress of Freemasonry. By the Editor—Trevilian on Freemasonry—Symbolisation—Sketches of Character—Rise of the Five Orders of Architecture. By S. B. Wilson—The Holy Cross—Baal's Bridge—Medieval Heraldry in Connection with Freemasonry—Memoir of Dr. Crucefix—Quarterly Communications of G. Lodge and Chapter—Metropolitan, Provincial, and India Intelligence, &c.

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